

The Sketch



No. 121.—VOL. X.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



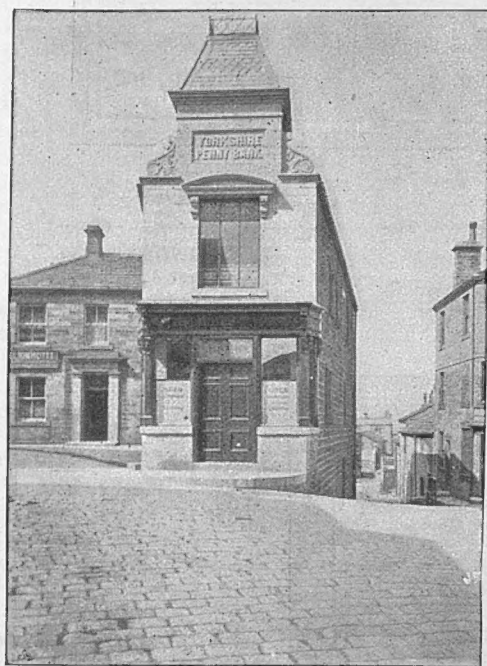
THE LATE DUKE OF HAMILTON,

Marquis of Hamilton, Douglas, and Clydesdale; Earl of Angus, Arran, Lanark, and Selkirk; Baron Hamilton, Avon, Polmont, Machanishire, Innerdale, Abernethy, Jedburgh Forest, Daer and Shortleuch; Premier Peer in the peerage of Scotland; Duke of Brandon and Baron Dutton in that of Great Britain, and Duke of Châtellerault in France. Born March 12, 1845; died at Algiers May 16, 1895.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE OPENING OF THE BRONTË MUSEUM AT HAWORTH.

On Saturday Sir Wemyss Reid formally opened the museum which has been instituted by the Brontë Society in the little village of Haworth, away in the "bogs and mountains" of the West Riding of Yorkshire.



THE BRONTË SOCIETY'S MUSEUM (ABOVE THE YORKSHIRE PENNY BANK).

The idea of forming an association for the promotion of the study of the works of the Brontës was suggested in 1893 by Mr. W. W. Yates, of Dewsbury, a well-known essayist on Brontë literature. Almost at the same time a scheme for a Brontë Club was brought forward by Mr. J. Horsfall Turner, of Idle. Mr. Turner's name is known in connection with this subject, for, in addition to having written a history of Haworth, he has, it is understood, edited for Miss Nussey—the "E." of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*—a privately printed edition of the whole of the letters addressed by Charlotte Brontë to her old schoolfellow and confidant. The Mayor of Bradford

convened a public meeting to consider the proposal of a society, and, as a result, a scheme uniting the merits of Mr. Yates's and Mr. Turner's proposals was adopted. Yorkshiremen, like Scotsmen, are to be found in every country of the world, and as most literary Yorkshiremen, and many besides, are Brontë worshippers, it is not surprising that applications for membership have come in from all parts of the world. The Americans, especially, have interested themselves in the matter. The first-fruits of the society were visible last autumn, when an admirable little bibliography of the Brontë family, compiled by the Chief Librarian of the Bradford Free Libraries (Mr. Butler Wood), who is bibliographical secretary to the society, was published, and various other publications are in preparation.

The situation of the Brontë Museum gave rise to some discussion. Bradford, as the centre of the Brontë country, and closely identified

with many passages in the lives of the family, was at first proposed. Another claimant was Dewsbury, in which town the father, Patrick Brontë, was engaged as a curate immediately after leaving the scene of his romantic love-affair in Essex—a fact which has hitherto escaped all the biographers of the family. But the strongest claims, it has been admitted, have rested with Haworth. Hitherto there has been in Haworth no memorial of the Brontës, save the little tablets in the church recording their deaths, and a stained-glass window in the same building, given by an American admirer. The villagers, certainly, have named one of their newest and most unromantic streets of cottages after

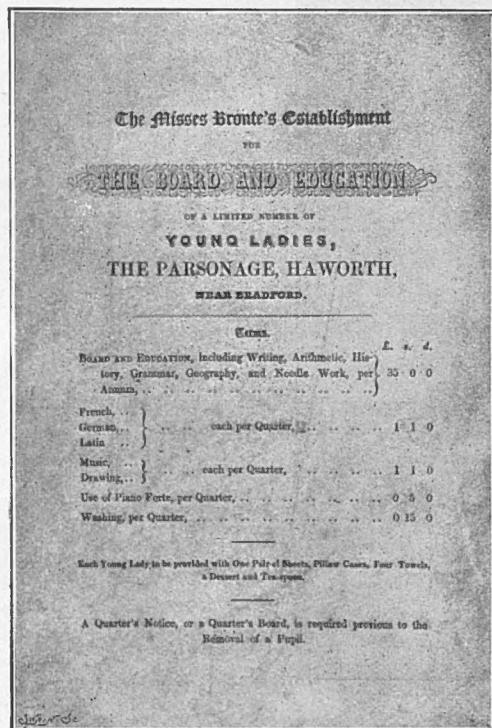
them were spent nearly all the sunny days of their brief and not very bright young lives, and there father, mother, son, and four of the five daughters, lie buried.

The society has succeeded in securing for its purposes very convenient premises in a building recently erected as the local branch of the Yorkshire Penny Bank; and the exhibition of relics which has been collected there, though not exhaustive, includes many interesting objects. Unluckily, one of the most important exhibits, that by Mr. George Smith, of the firm of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., will not be received till a few days after the opening of the exhibition. Mr. Smith has promised to lend the manuscripts of the novels published by his firm. Mr. John Waugh, C.E., of Bradford, contributes an important collection of letters written by Charlotte to Miss Nussey. Many of these letters passed through Mrs. Gaskell's hands, and a careful comparison of them with the printed copies testifies, it must be admitted, to the somewhat partial manner in which, as Sir Wemyss Reid has remarked, Mrs. Gaskell extracted the letters lent to her for her work. In an unprinted letter in this collection Charlotte writes: "I greatly fear the assumed petulance of my last note was mistaken by you for reality." Mrs. Gaskell evidently makes that mistake more than once, and all playfulness is sternly suppressed. Such a passage, for instance, as the following is utterly unlike the austere Charlotte Brontë Mrs. Gaskell shows us: "I have been painting a portrait of Agnes W— for our friend Miss Celia Amelia" [this is a nickname for one of the curates at Haworth, who finds a place in "Shirley"], "and you would laugh to see how his eyes sparkle with delight when he looks at it, like a pretty child with a new plaything. Good-bye to you. Let me have no more humbug about Cupid, &c. You know as well as I do it is all groundless trash." This passage is from the end of the letter in which, in words which cannot have been forgotten by readers of the *Life*, she describes the vigorous sermons on the Dissenters preached by the Rev. Mr. Weightman and the Rev. Mr. Collins in Haworth Church, when the Nonconformist chapel was closed that the congregation might attend to hear themselves scarified. Other letters are signed, playfully, "Charivari" or "Caliban." In the winter of 1839-40, after one very unpleasant situation had caused her to write—in a letter included in the exhibition—"I hate and abhor the very thoughts of governess-ship," the starting of a school at Haworth was projected, and a prospectus was issued. Only one copy of this is known now to exist, and this is here reproduced in facsimile. The original belongs to the Brontë Society. Charlotte Brontë's copy of "Paradise Lost," a little leather-covered volume, with type terribly small for such short-sighted eyes as hers, shows how carefully it had been read, by its numerous manuscript alterations of printer's errors, and lines emphasising striking passages. Branwell Brontë, when resident in Furness, explored the River Duddon, and on the appearance of Thorne's "Rambles by Rivers," in 1844, he possessed himself of a copy and annotated it. Commenting on the observation of the author, that at Seathwaite the Methodists and Baptists held occasional meetings, Branwell observes, "This is since I left. I am sorry for it—the pests!" "Schism" was not viewed with much favour by the male occupants of Haworth Parsonage. The exhibition includes a number of drawings and water-colours by Charlotte, none of which, it must be admitted, shows any talent; several portraits by Branwell, and a large collection of editions of the Brontë books in English (including American pirated reprints), French, German, Italian, and Russian. The views of Haworth illustrating the present article are from plates by Mr. J. J. Stead, of Heckmondwike, one of the members of the Council of the Brontë Society.

H. E. WROOT.



BRANWELL BRONTË'S CHAIR IN THE "BLACK BULL," HAWORTH.



PROSPECTUS PROPOSED TO HAVE BEEN ISSUED BY THE BRONTË SISTERS FOR THEIR CONTEMPLATED SCHOOL.

that character in which Charlotte Brontë showed the world the nobility and strength of character she perceived in her gifted sister Emily, but the enamelled iron plate announcing the fact takes the edge off the compliment by misspelling the name—"SHIRLY-STREET." The whole of the little upland village, and its far-reaching moors, which the sisters loved so well, are, however, a memorial to the Brontës. In and around

The past week was crowded with celebrations of interest to all lovers of letters. On Friday, Mr. Irving presided at a meeting of the committee and subscribers in connection with the marble statue proposed to be erected on Paddington Green in memory of Mrs. Siddons. On Saturday the Brontë Museum was opened, while Sunday marked the centenary of the death of the immortal biographer of Johnson, for it was on May 19, 1795, that James Boswell departed this life at 47, Great Portland Street, nearly ten years and a half after the death of the great lexicographer.

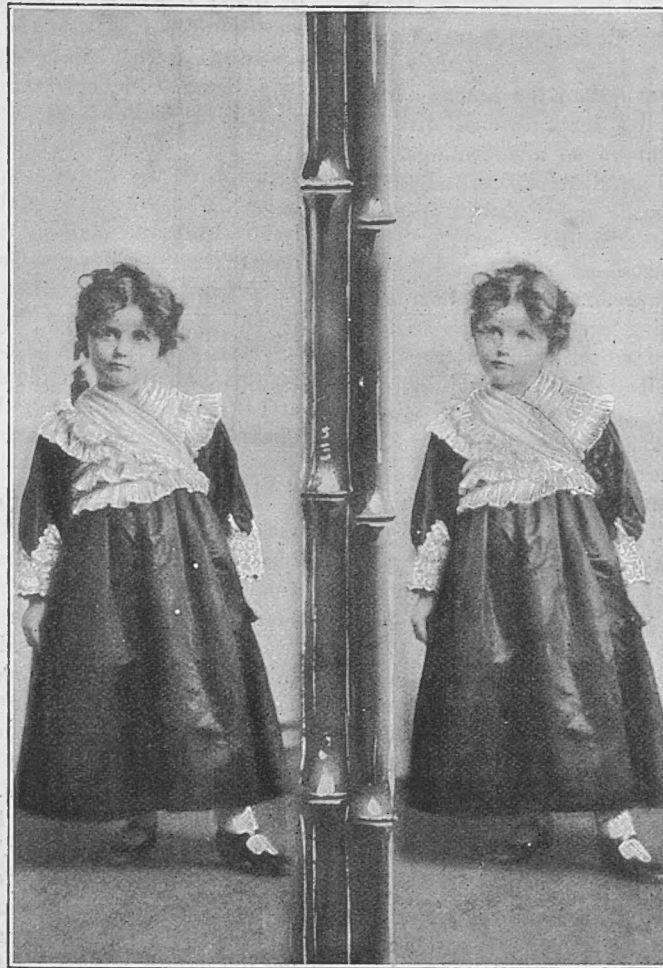
SOME SCIONS OF THE HOUSE OF TERRY.

Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

There is no need to go into ancient history and dig up the records of that famous Terry, the comedian, who was the friend of Walter Scott; the present and the rising generation of the Terry family give quite sufficient occupation to the chronicler, without even a reference to the dignified veteran, still often seen at a London "first-night," watching a daughter or a son, a grand-daughter or grandson, or daughter-in-law.

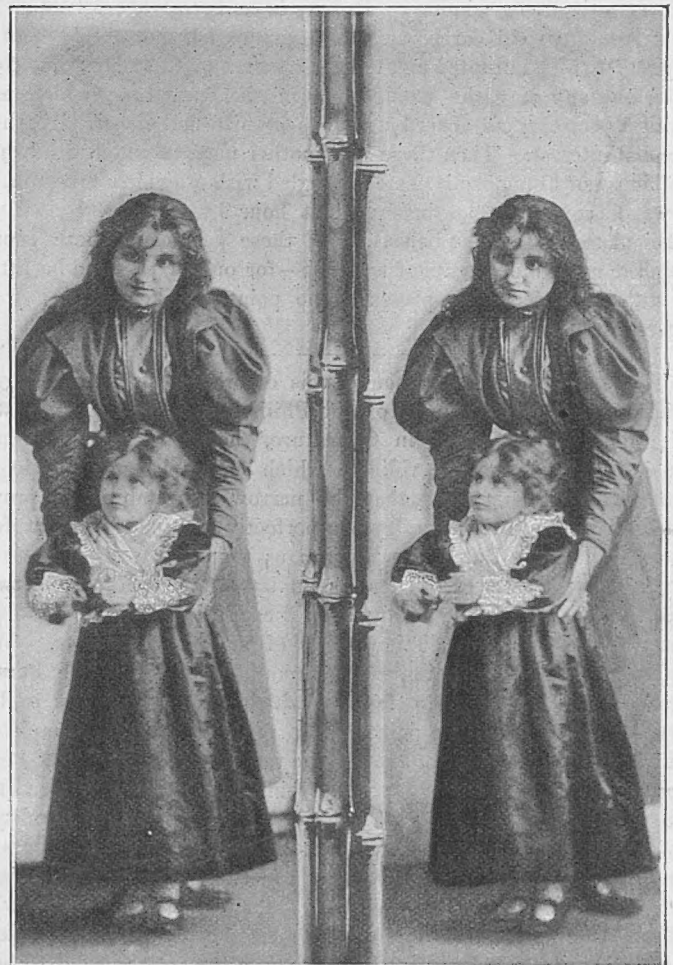
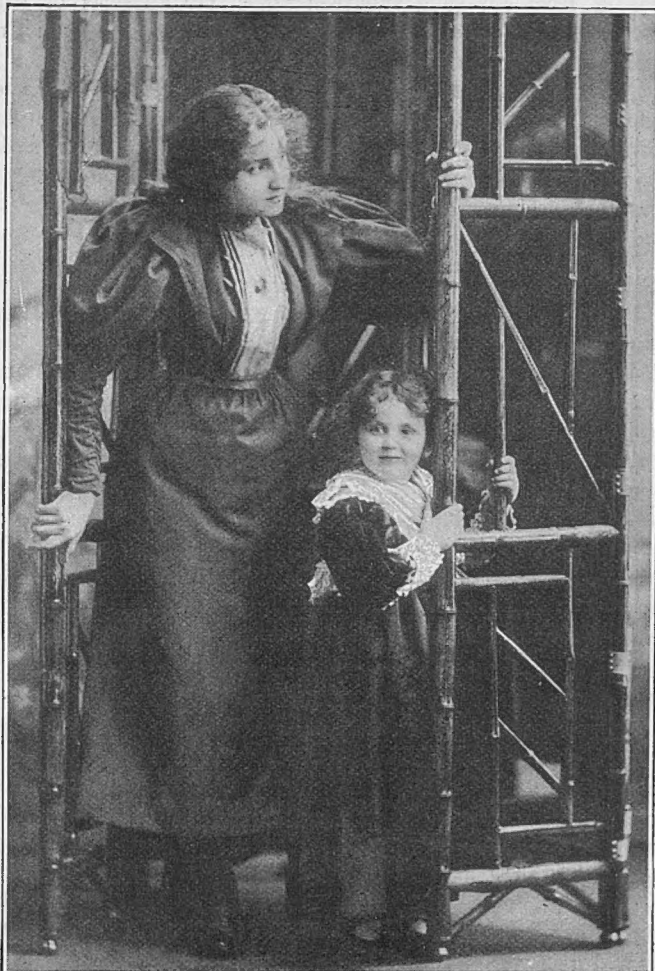
In 1851 Miss Kate Terry made her first appearance, at the Princess's Theatre, in the character of the page Robin in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; and, when she had attained the age of heroines of romance, she played them, and held her position in the forefront of the English theatre until, after a stage career of some twenty years, she retired on her marriage with Mr. Arthur Lewis.

Of her sisters, Miss Ellen and Miss Marion Terry, it seems almost superfluous to speak. Not to know them were to argue oneself unknowing indeed. It is difficult to believe that the Guinevere of to-day first appeared, though as a tiny child, in 1856 in Charles Kean's revival of the "Winter's Tale," at the Princess's. She, too, left the stage on her marriage, but for a few years only; and, returning, assumed almost immediately, and as of right, the highest place on it in the highest drama. Miss Marion Terry, like her two elder sisters, made her first appearance in Shaksperian drama, for



she appeared at Manchester in July, 1873, as Ophelia. At the Court, in 1878, she succeeded Miss Ellen Terry as Olivia. She made her position less quickly, but it is none the less assured. She has been compared to Mdlle. Bartet, of the Théâtre Français, and the great French actress may well be proud of the compliment.

Another sister, Miss Florence Terry (Mrs. Morris), left the stage early, but a brother, Mr. Fred Terry, is well known as one of the most vigorous and comely of *jeunes premiers*. Curiously enough, brother and sister have recently been playing together at the Comedy. Mrs. Fred Terry is the beautiful Miss Julia Neilson. And now a later generation is coming forward. Mr. Gordon Craig and Miss Ailsa Craig, the quaintly pseudonymed children of Miss Ellen Terry, are already known to Londoners; and a daughter of Mrs. Lewis (Miss Mabel Terry Lewis) made her debut the other day in "A Pair of Spectacles." Finally, Mr. Charles Terry, another brother, is father of the pretty Minnie Terry, born in 1882. Her first appearance was made as Gretchen in "Partners," at the Haymarket, in 1888, her aunt, Miss Marion Terry, being Claire. She has well-nigh finished her first career, as a "stage-child" of singular charm. Mr. Charles Terry is also the father of Master Horace Terry, who appeared in "Faded Flowers" at the Garrick the other month, and of the pretty mite whose portrait we now publish.



AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

In Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's volume of essays and addresses, called "The Renaissance of the English Drama," I look in vain for a theme which he might have handled with characteristic zeal. I learn that we need "a living, breathing, modern drama—a drama that shall not fear to lay bold and reverent hands on the deepest things of the human life of to-day, and freely expose them, and shall attempt to deal with the everlasting mysteries of human life as they appear to nineteenth-century eyes." The drama ought to be "a national art, definitely related to the great intellectual movements of our time," and "disdainful of all theatrical effect that will not submit to take an auxiliary place." "There are a dozen, a hundred, different ways of tumbling back into folly and insincerity and theatricality." There are, indeed; and one of them is the weakness of some playwrights for supposing gross caricature to be a faithful representation of character. Stage satire, as a rule, runs into extravagant farce, because it is so much easier to raise a laugh by over-colouring than to shape an artistic travesty that shall suggest the lineaments of a portrait. It would not have surprised me to find Mr. Jones discoursing with his usual earnestness on "Sanity in Caricature," to show that successful burlesque must have some semblance of the ideas or persons held up to ridicule. This is an important consideration for a drama which is to become definitely related to the great intellectual movements of our time. Mr. Jones does incidentally allude to the practice of "copying certain small, silly, or funny temporary aspects of everyday life"—such as, let us say, the notion of an Anti-Evening Dress for Women Association; but he is apparently too deep in the "everlasting mysteries" to point out to the copyists of such trivialities that they might as well be at the pains to copy accurately instead of manufacturing farcical counterfeits which bear no sort of resemblance to any known original.

Some years ago I saw a play which was definitely related to the great movements of the time, for most of the characters were members of an association for the reform of London morals. There was a pessimist philosopher whose conversation provoked some impatience, not because he touched the deep things of human life, but because he was a bore. The philanthropists were bores too, and the auxiliary philandering of a gentleman about town with a widow, who was one of the crusaders, did not help the story much, though there was a lively game of hide-and-seek at a bedroom window. It may have been what Mr. Jones calls the "stupidity and carelessness and genial irresponsibility" of most playgoers which militated against the chances of this play; but to some people, at any rate, the trouble was in the caricature, which made a Foreign Secretary as absurd as the pessimist, and deprived both of all personal interest. Then there was another play, in which the Leader of the House of Commons became entangled with a girl in a toy-shop, where he was discovered at an inconvenient hour by a political rival. It is sufficient to say that the behaviour of these politicians, both connected with the great movements of the time—for one of them had a little Bill for establishing purity—presented no point of likeness to any actual phase of public life.

The most pertinent instance of this divorce of theatrical satire from social facts is "The Triumph of the Philistines." If Mr. Jones were to write his essay on "Sanity in Caricature," he would take this play as a signal illustration of the ridicule which misses its mark. He would point out, in the first place, that the narrow respectability of provincial middle-class life in this country is a perfectly legitimate subject for the dramatic satirist. But he would warn us that, to be effective, it needs very discreet treatment. There is an important difference between a farce that has no bearing on any special condition of society and a farce that professes to picture distinct traits of national character. We are vastly entertained by the improbable complications of "The Passport," because they belong to a fantasy which does not ask us to believe anything. But the whole point of the satire in "The Triumph of the Philistines" is that the conduct of the town council of Market Pewbury is precisely what might be expected from a number of provincial tradesmen who have undertaken to safeguard the interests of morality. So Mr. Jones would ask whether it is conceivable that town councillors would invade a private house, and condemn a picture over which they have no control; that their leader would hack the canvas to shreds with a knife; and that the owner and the artist would remain quiescent under this outrage, instead of haling Mr. Jorgan before the nearest magistrate.

I cannot help thinking that Mr. Jones's essay on "Sanity in Caricature" was actually written, and omitted from this volume by pure inadvertence. For there are eloquent pages about this very necessity of

observing the true proportion of things in the transcription of the stage. Mr. Jones quotes an ancient author to the effect that we must keep guard over "all workers for the people (including our playwrights and managers and actors), and forbid them to make what is ill-customed and unrestrained and ungente and without order or shape, either in likeness of living things or in buildings." Nay, "shall we not rather seek for workers who can trace the inner nature of all that may be sweetly schemed, so that the young men, as living in a wholesome place, may be profited by everything in work that, fairly wrought, may touch them in hearing or sight, as if it were a breeze bringing health to them from places strong with life?" Well, no such breeze blows from "The Triumph of the Philistines," and Mr. Jones will have to remonstrate gravely with the author of that piece of eccentricity, and tell him there is no sweet scheming in these town councillors, with the laboriously ugly exteriors, who are as fantastic as the wildest caricatures in Dickens. The wizard who created so many strange shapes, with knobs on their foreheads and cracking finger-joints and repulsive names and crude hypocrisies, bequeathed an unhappy method to inferior artists. Mr. Jorgan and his companions are the degenerate posterity of Stiggins and Chadband and Pecksniff, and serve no better purpose than to remind us that the day of the grotesque in our fiction and drama is over.

Mr. Jones has much to say in his book about the limitations of realism. The modern realistic drama, he tells us, "lacks these great qualities, beauty, mystery, passion, imagination." But in that missing essay of his I have no doubt would be found some excellent precepts as to realism in satire. You cannot make a town council beautiful or mysterious, but you can make it lifelike. This is what Ibsen has done in "An Enemy of the People." With that play "The Triumph of the Philistines" challenges direct comparison. I was reminded of it all the more acutely by the circumstance that the excellent comedian who played the printer in Ibsen at the Haymarket is now an English town councillor at the St. James's. In the one case, he represented "moderation" and the "compact Liberal majority"; in the other, he represents the "interests of morality." Now, as then, he is in capital company, so far as the players are concerned; but does he think that Mr. Pote of Market Pewbury has the vitality of Aslakson, and that Mr. Jorgan is as real as Burgomaster Stockmann? It may be that Ibsen's dramas have not the beauty, mystery, passion, imagination of "The Tempter"; but, at least, it will be granted that, in "An Enemy of the People," the parochial individuality is drawn without caricature—without a single false stroke. Mr. Jones says of modern realistic criticism, "It tried to seduce us from our snug suburban villas into all sorts of gruesome kitchen-middens;" and he adds, "But the epitaph—it is already written—on all this realistic business will be: 'It does not matter what happens in kitchen-middens.'" The illustration smacks of Mr. Jorgan; but I venture to suggest that it does matter what happens in town councils, and that if Mr. Jones could seduce the dramatist who wrote "The Triumph of the Philistines" into accurate pictures of local government, even at Market Pewbury, he would render our stage a considerable service.

Complaint is made that dramatic critics pay too much attention to the play nowadays, and not enough to the actors. Lamb and Hazlitt are cited for our benefit, as shining examples of the opposite method; but in their day there was very little material in the shape of contemporary drama worth discussion. The proper equilibrium of the theatre means a good play and a competent interpretation; and if criticism has shown any undue anxiety to have "a living, breathing, modern drama," its position is not illogical. It may be excused, moreover, for a little tribulation when the hand which wrote "The Case of Rebellious Susan," one of the brightest pieces of recent years, is subdued to "The Triumph of the Philistines." That is decadence, not "renaissance," and it behoves our essayists, Mr. Jones foremost of all, to check the decline by wholesome admonition to the erring playwright.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson has decided to open his management of the Lyceum, during Mr. Irving's absence in America, with "Romeo and Juliet." His chief coadjutor in this venture will be Mrs. Patrick Campbell, a conjunction which has a stimulating augury. We shall have a notable opportunity, at any rate, of devoting our faculties to the players, for any critic who is tempted to discourse upon the beauty, passion, and imagination of the play will run the risk of having his bumps examined by Mr. Edward Rose. I hope no genial phrenologist will think me a fitting subject if I suggest that Mrs. Patrick Campbell has latterly grown more and more like Juliet, and less and less like Agnes Ebbsmith. Whether this is due to Lucas Cleeve or to the bracing air of a Yorkshire moor and the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Thorpe, I do not conjecture. But the lady, I fancy, will be more at home in Verona than under that estimable clergyman's roof.

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK.

The annual sale of the Royal School of Art Needlework, which took place last week, is deservedly popular, and the crowd of visitors there seems to grow larger every year. Where else, indeed, can such lovely embroidery, such beautiful old furniture, such quaint pottery and antique silver, be seen? All, too, is arranged so charmingly and so artistically that the general effect is much enhanced. Princess Christian, who has always taken a very deep interest in the welfare of the school, came, as usual, to open the sale, and immediately took her place at the central stall, where she spent a long time selling the pretty things with which it was covered. She was accompanied by her daughter, the Princess Victoria, and attended by the Countess von Egloffstein. The Duchess of Albany also visited the sale. Among the ladies who assisted at the stalls were the Countess of Morley, the Countess of Yarborough, Lady Muncaster, Lady Ribblesdale, Lady Hillingdon, Lady Newton, Lady Emily Kingscote, Lady William Cecil, Lady Henry Gordon-Lennox, Lady Deerpur, the Hon. Mrs. Lowther, and the Hon. Mrs. Mallet. Some fine pieces of tapestry came from the Windsor works, in which the late Duke of Albany took so much interest, and which are now unfortunately closed. One striking piece represented a knight and a lady on horseback out hunting. In the background the deer can be seen crossing the river, closely pursued by the dogs. In needlework there were some beautiful examples of the Early English Elizabethan embroidery. The designs, which are large and bold, are worked in crewels on a foundation of coarse linen, and are specially suitable for covering chairs, settees, ottomans, and similar pieces of furniture. The books, bound in white vellum and beautifully painted by hand, attracted a great deal of admiration. But it was quite impossible to examine properly half the beautiful objects that were to be seen. The tea-room was quite as artistic as any of the other rooms. The walls were draped with white muslin, down which long sprays of ivy were trailed, while a sort of roof of ivy and other greenery had been formed overhead, from which hung lovely baskets of flowers.

A correspondent writes: "The up-country Australian is very particular what he reads—when he reads at all, which is seldom. You will be delighted to hear that the committee of the Grenfell School of Arts—Grenfell is a small town of eight hundred souls in the Lachlan district (N.S.W.)—have 'thrown out' *The Sketch*, as 'the morals of the institution were lowered by having such literature' within the walls. At the same meeting, two of Zola's works, offered by a friend, were refused admission, the librarian stating that, if the books were accepted, the support of the lady members of the library would be withdrawn. The Australian woman feeds on Emma Jane Worboise, Miss Braddon, and Mrs. Henry Wood."

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Realistic reproduction of an INDIAN CITY, with its Mosques and Minarets, Mechanics at Work, Merchants in Native Shops, Magicians and Fakirs, Hindoo Jugglers, Snake Charmers, Elephants, and Camels, Sacred Animals—all combining to produce a Vivid Replica of Indian Life.

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THE BAND OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS.

THE BAND OF THE COLDESTREAM GUARDS.

VENANZI'S GRAND ORCHESTRA.

THE GREAT WHEEL.

CARRYING 1200 PEOPLE 300 FEET IN THE AIR,
WITH THE TOWERS AND LIFTS.

50,000 Electric and Prismatic Lamps. Four Beautiful Gardens, all combining to make a Perfect Fairyland of Rare and Exquisite Design.

Admission to Opening Ceremony from 12 to 1.5s., or by Season Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, which entitle the owners to participate in the

FIRST ANNUAL PRIZE-DRAWING OF THE EARL'S

COURT ART UNION.

ONE PRIZE FOR EVERY 20 TICKETS.

Prospectuses and Season Tickets can be obtained at the Exhibition, and of the usual Theatrical Agents.

After 3 p.m. on Opening Day, and daily from 11 a.m. to 11.30 p.m., admission 1s.
MAIN ENTRANCE, WARWICK ROAD. S.W.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS.—SHORTEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE, through the charming scenery of Normandy, to the Paris terminus, near the Madeleine.

Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN.

Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

| London to Paris | (1 & 2) | (1, 2, 3) | Paris to London | (1 & 2) | (1, 2, 3) |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------|-------------------|-----------|-----------|
| Victoria ... dep. | A.M. 9 0 | P.M. 8 50 | Paris ... dep. | A.M. 9 30 | P.M. 9 0 |
| London Bridge ... | 9 0 | 9 0 | London Bridge ... | P.M. 7 0 | A.M. 7 40 |
| Paris ... arr. | P.M. 6 35 | A.M. 8 0 | Victoria ... | 7 0 | 7 50 |

Fares—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d.

Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car runs in the First and Second Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

Powerful Steamers with excellent Deck and other Cabins.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

BRIGHTON AND PARIS.—In connection with the Day Express Service, a Special Train leaves Brighton 10 a.m. for Newhaven Harbour. Returning at 5.20 p.m.

CAEN FOR NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.—Via Newhaven and Ouistreham. The only direct Route.

THREE PASSENGER SERVICES WEEKLY.

From London every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

From Caen every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Fares—Single: First, 25s.; Second, 21s.; Third, 13s.

Return: One Week, 30s.; 25s.; 15s. Two Months, 38s.; 32s.; 20s.

PARIS AT WHITSUNTIDE.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION (First and Second Class only), SATURDAY, June 1, by the above Special Express Day Service.—Leaving London Bridge 9 a.m., Victoria 9 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m.

Excursion Tickets (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will also be issued by the above Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m. and London Bridge 9 p.m. on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 30 to June 3, inclusive.

Returning from Paris by the above 9 p.m. Night Service only on any day within 14 days of the date of issue.

Fares, First Class, 39s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class (Night Service only), 26s.

First and Second Class Passengers may return by the Day Service from Paris 9.30 a.m. on payment of 4s. 9d. and 3s. respectively.

FOR full particulars see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City General Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

EPSOM RACES.—TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, May 28, 29, 30, and 31.

THE ONLY ROUTE to the Epsom Downs Station (on the Race Course) is from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction.

NOTE.—Tickets taken by South-Western Railway to Epsom Town are not available to return by the Brighton Company's direct route from the Epsom Downs Station on the Course.

EPSOM DOWNS STATION.—This spacious and convenient Station, within a few minutes' walk of the Grand Stand, has been specially prepared for the Epsom Race Traffic, and additional First-Class Ladies' Waiting-Rooms, elegantly furnished, will be provided.

FREQUENT DIRECT SPECIAL EXPRESS AND CHEAP TRAINS between the above Stations on all four days of the Races, also Extra First-Class Special Express Trains on the "Derby" and "Oaks" days.

EPSOM TOWN STATION.—Express and Cheap Trains to Epsom Town Station (L.B. & S.C.Ry.) will also run as required from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction. The Express and Cheap Tickets issued to Epsom Downs will be available for return from the Epsom Town Station.

THROUGH BOOKINGS.—Arrangements have been made with the London and North-Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways, to issue Through Tickets from all their principal Stations to the Epsom Downs Station on the Race Course.

The Trains of the above Railway Companies all run either to the Victoria or Kensington (Addison Road) Stations in connection with the above Special Trains to the Epsom Downs Station.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, see small Bills, to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; also at their City Offices, 6, Arthur Street East; and Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and at Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand, where Tickets may also be obtained.

The West-End Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, May 27, 28, 29, and 30.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EPSOM RACES.—THE SHORTEST ROUTE.

CHEAP TRAINS from WATERLOO, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Clapham Junction, and Wimbledon Stations to EPSOM, on TUESDAY and THURSDAY, up to 11.20 a.m., and SPECIAL FAST TRAINS from 11.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. **CHEAP TRAINS** on WEDNESDAY (the DERBY) and FRIDAY (the Oaks) up to 9.20 a.m., and SPECIAL FAST TRAINS from 9.30 a.m. till 1.30 p.m.

A SPECIAL DIRECT TRAIN will leave the Waterloo Station, stopping at Vauxhall only, at 1.30 p.m. on each of the Race Days, arriving at Epsom 2 p.m.

KENSINGTON LINE.—Trains leave Kensington for Clapham Junction (calling at West Brompton two and Chelsea five minutes later) at 7, 8.29, 8.42, 9.12, 9.33, 10.13, 10.40, 11.10, 11.40 a.m., 12.9, 12.49 p.m., and 1.26 p.m. on Wednesday and Friday only.

On WEDNESDAY (Derby), Special Direct Trains will leave Kensington for Epsom without change of carriage at 8.50 a.m. (cheap), 9.35 a.m. (cheap), 9.50 a.m., 10.45 a.m.

On and after MONDAY, MAY 27, tickets may be obtained beforehand, and general information, at the West-End Office, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; the Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; the City Office, Exeter Buildings, Arthur Street West; Dun Horse Yard, High Street, Borough; Swan-with-two-Necks, Gresham Street, City; Lavington's, 69, Old Bailey; Limehouse Office, 799, Commercial Road; and at the Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations.

Note.—Tickets taken by the Brighton Company's line to Epsom are not available to return by the South-Western short quick route.
CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

LAKES AND FJORDS OF KERRY.

"The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the British Isles."—Lord Macaulay.

OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.

Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengarriff, Caragh Lake for Glencar, Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare; also to Kilkee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast.

For full particulars apply to Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze and Son, the principal stations on the London and North-Western, and Midland or Great Western Railways, or to Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin.—Illustrated Guide free.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

On WHIT-MONDAY, June 3, certain booked trains will be DISCONTINUED, of which due notice will be given by Special Bills at the Stations.

WHITSUNTIDE EXCURSIONS
FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS.
TO IRELAND.

THURSDAY, MAY 30, to DUBLIN, CORK, KILLARNEY, &c., via Liverpool, for 16 days.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, to DUBLIN, CORK, KILLARNEY, &c., returning June 6, 8, 11, 13, 15, 18, or 20, via Morecambe.

FRIDAY, MAY 31, to BELFAST, LONDONDERRY, &c., via Barrow and via Liverpool; and on SATURDAY, JUNE 1, to LONDONDERRY, via Liverpool, returning June 4, 5, 8, 11, 12, or 15.

TO SCOTLAND.

FRIDAY, MAY 31.

EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Greenock, Helensburgh, Ayr, Kilmarnock, &c., for 4 or 8 days, leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m. THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS at a SINGLE ORDINARY FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY are also issued, available for RETURN ANY DAY WITHIN 16 DAYS.

GENERAL EXCURSIONS.
SATURDAY, JUNE 1.

To LEICESTER, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, DERBY, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, Staffordshire Potteries, &c., MATLOCK, BUXTON, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Bolton, BLACKBURN, Eury, ROCHDALE, Oldham, Barnsley, Wakefield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, YORK, HULL, SCARBOROUGH, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Lancaster, MORECAMBE, LAKE DISTRICT, and Carlisle. Returning June 3 or 6. See Bills for times, &c.

WHIT-MONDAY, JUNE 3.

To BIRMINGHAM for 1 or 4 days and KETERING for 1 day, leaving St. Pancras at 6.35 a.m.; to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, and LUTON (day trips), leaving St. Pancras at 10.10 a.m., 11 a.m., and 1 p.m., and to BEDFORD (day trip) at 10.10 a.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7.

To MANCHESTER (for the Races), leaving St. Pancras at 12.5 a.m. and Kentish Town at 12.10 a.m.

TICKETS and BILLS may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and City Booking Offices, and from THOMAS COOK and SONS, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

Derby, May, 1895.

GEORGE H. TURNER, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.

SATURDAY NIGHT, JUNE 1, for four or eight days; to Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Helensburgh, from London—Woolwich Arsenal, Woolwich Dockyard, Victoria (L.C. and D.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), &c. Returning June 4 or 8.

TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY will also be issued by above excursion to places named, available for return by one fixed train, on any day up to and including Sunday, June 16.

On SATURDAY, JUNE 1, for three or six days, to Cambridge, Wisbech, Lynn, Cromer, Norwich, Yarmouth, Lincoln, Grimsby, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Stoke, Newark, Sheffield, Barnsley, Huddersfield, Manchester, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Keighley, Hull, York, Scarborough, Whitby, Bridlington, Darlington, Newcastle, &c., returning June 3 or 6. On SAME DATE, for one, three, or four days, to Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe.

WHIT-MONDAY, JUNE 3, for one day, to St. Albans, Hertford, Wheathampstead, Harpenden, Luton, Dunstable, Hitchin, Royston, Cambridge, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe.

THURSDAY mid'night, June 6, for two days, to MANCHESTER (Races), third class return fare, 10s.

For further particulars see bills, to be obtained at Company's stations and town offices.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY.

via HARWICH and ESBJERG. The Steamers of the United Steamship Company of Copenhagen sail from Harwich (Parkeston Quay) for Esbjerg every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 9 a.m., returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9.5 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return Fares: Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the Steamships Koldinghuus and Nidaros. These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers, and carry no cattle. For further information address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

WHITSUNTIDE on the CONTINENT, via HARWICH and the

HOOK of Holland, daily (Sundays included), by the Great Eastern Railway Co.'s twin-screw ss. Cheapest route to Germany, and quickest to Holland.

AMSTERDAM and its EXHIBITION, Special Tickets, First Return, 42s.; Second, 31s.

ANTWERP, via Harwich, for Brussels, The Ardennes, Switzerland, &c., every week-day.

PASSENGERS leave LONDON (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct service to Harwich via Lincoln or Peterboro' and March, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands, saving time and money. Dining-car from York. Hamburg by G.S.N. Co's ss. from Harwich, May 29 and June 1. For further information apply to the American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W.; or to the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

COUPON TICKET

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd..

40, 42, 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET.—(Applicable to passenger-trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

May 22, 1895.

Signature.....



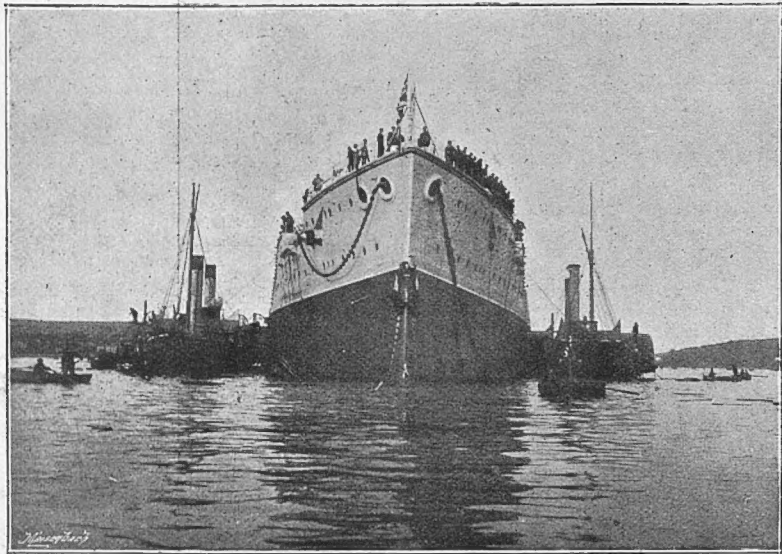
"THE LADIES' IDOL."

SMALL TALK.

The Queen is in excellent health, and it is quite untrue that her Majesty is suffering from "great debility," or that her medical men are "uneasy" about her. These statements are mere fabrications, and originally appeared in a New York daily paper, from whence they have been copied by an imaginative "London Correspondent." The Queen is never quite so well in hot weather, and the sudden wave of heat which visited us during the past week was specially trying to her, and it was for this reason that the Queen decided to remain at Windsor Castle instead of coming up to Buckingham Palace for the second Drawing-Room, as had been originally arranged. It is equally untrue that the Queen intends to give a garden party at Buckingham Palace in the course of the season. Her Majesty proposes to attend the Marlborough House Garden Party, which will probably take place the second week in July; but the Palace entertainments will be limited to two State Balls and two State Concerts.

On her return from Buckingham Palace, the Queen paid a visit to the "Home Farm" at Windsor, and inspected the Devon and Hereford cattle for which the farm is so renowned. This show farm was started by the late Prince Consort, and her Majesty takes the greatest interest in it. All the butter, milk, and cream required for the royal table and the household are procured from this farm, and a daily supply of dairy produce is sent to Balmoral while the Court is in residence there.

The Drawing-Room on Wednesday last was a very orderly function, in comparison with the one held on the preceding week, and there was only a mild crush at the barriers, while a comparatively small *débris* of feathers and flowers marked the course of her Majesty's guests as they made their way to the Throne-Room. There was a very small attendance



THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. RENOWN.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. J. ALLEN, PEMBROKE DOCK.

of *entrée* company, and a restricted Diplomatic circle, but the general company mustered in force. The Throne-Room became so hot that the windows were ordered to be opened, and the music of the bands playing in the quadrangle could be plainly heard. There was a marked absence of beauty, and many of the "magnificent toilettes" were in anything but good taste. The company were hustled through the Throne-Room at a great pace, and, as there was no hand-kissing, the function was disposed of with extraordinary celerity.

The Queen is to hold a large investiture of the Garter, the Bath, the St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Orders, during the first week in July, at Windsor Castle.

The Grand Stand at Ascot is being painted and generally put in order for the approaching races, and the Royal Stand is being redecorated. The Prince of Wales and the other members of the royal family will go to the races in "semi-state" on Tuesday and Thursday, on which days there is to be the usual procession up the course. The Prince of Wales, Prince Christian, and the other royalties will attend privately on Wednesday and Friday.

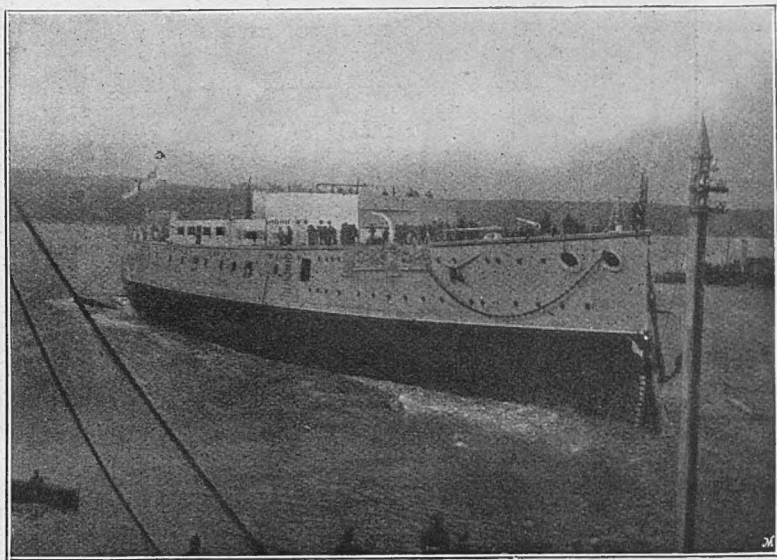
The Queen's Balmoral and Abergeldie stretches on the Dee, which extend for fourteen miles, have been yielding large numbers of salmon during the last few weeks, and excellent sport has been obtained. Dr. Profeit, the Queen's Commissioner at Balmoral, has been specially successful, but, then, he is a very expert angler. The Birkhall water has been placed at the disposal of the officers in command of the Royal Guard, which is stationed at Ballater while the Court is in Scotland.

Princess Christian was most energetic in her efforts at disposing of cushions, chair-backs, photo-frames, and a thousand other nicknacks, at the recent Royal School of Art Needlework sale, in Exhibition Road.

As usual, the rooms were packed with a fashionable crowd of purchasers, with well-filled purses, too, judging from the rapid sale of many beautiful exhibits. Lady Muncaster wore a smart frock of terracotta and white. Both she and Lady Morley assisted Princess Christian at the central stall, while Mrs. William Lowther, Mrs. Bonyng, Lady Ribblesdale, and Lady Yarborough made charitable hay while the social sun shone at neighbouring tables. Some quaint old dresses from Wales, bits of Chippendale, morsels of antique silver, and a hundred treasures foregathered from the corner cupboards of our grandmothers, were temptingly set forth in the furniture-room, making one yearn unavailingly for the wallet of a Fortunatus. What the Royal School has done in England for the decadent art of the needle cannot be too heartily acknowledged. The young woman of the moment is but a phase, and another cycle of seasons may bring us to domesticity and Berlin wool again. Who knows? Meanwhile, the school contrives that these gentle crafts should flourish exceedingly under its artistic tuition, as visitors to Exhibition Road will readily realise.

People got back much earlier from Wednesday's Drawing-Room than the previous similar occasions, owing, no doubt, to the absence of her Majesty having lessened the attendance. Among the usual two hundred presented was Lady Wolverton, whose social successes on the Riviera have been followed up with equal enthusiasm since her return to town. Mrs. Beauclerk, who was also presented, on her marriage, by Lady Cholmeley, looked exceedingly well in a handsome gown of blue brocade; and Mrs. Alfred Caldicott, wife of the popular musical conductor at the Comedy Theatre, was also among the elect.

H.M.S. Renown, the new twin-screw sheathed armour-clad just launched, is a notable addition to the navy. When finished she will

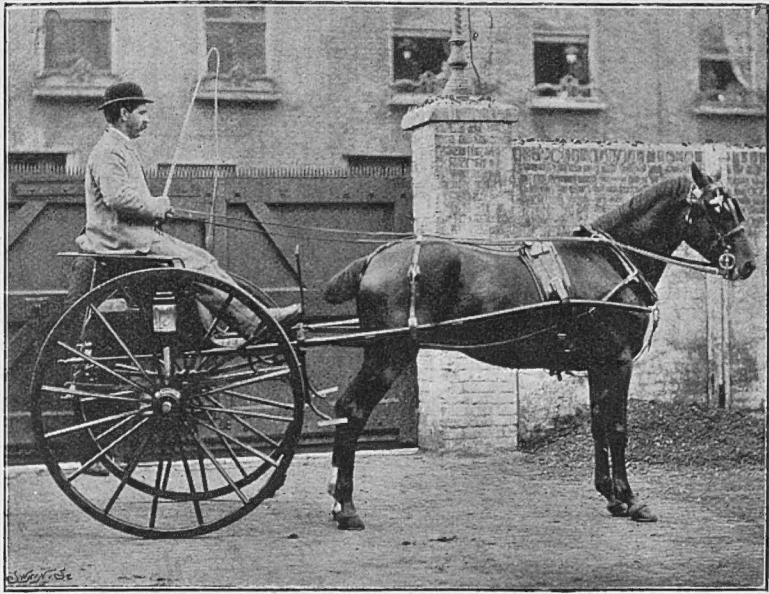


have cost a million of money. Her principal dimensions are—length between perpendiculars, 380 ft.; breadth, extreme, 72 ft. 4 in.; and load displacement, 12,350 tons, at which she has a mean draught of 26 ft. 9 in. The vessel is built throughout of steel, with the exception of her stem, sternpost, and shaft brackets, which are of phosphor-bronze, the lower part of the stem being shaped to form a formidable ram. She is of the central-citadel type, the sides of the citadel being constructed of two strakes of Harveyised armour. The ship is fitted with five torpedo-tubes, four of which are submerged, and provision is made for carrying twenty-two torpedoes. The engines are designed to develop 10,000 indicated horse-power with natural draught, and 12,000 with forced draught, and are estimated to give the ship a speed of seventeen knots with the former and eighteen knots with the latter power. The ship will have a complement of officers and men to the number of 674, and is intended to be fitted as a flag-ship.

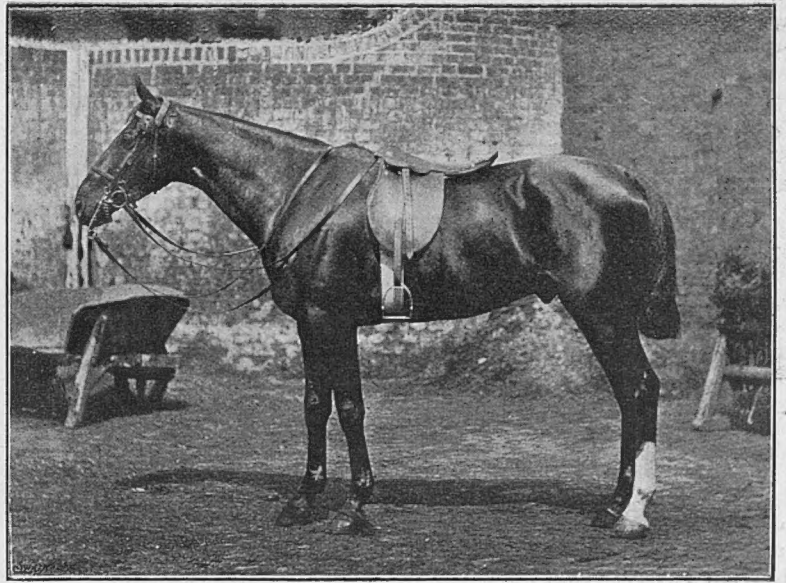
After all the talk, Lord Rosebery never went for that oft-mentioned sea blow at Walmer Castle, but he is wooing the fresh ocean breezes to better purpose, as I write these lines, on board the Enchantress, the special boat of "My Lords" of the Admiralty, the First Lord, Earl Spencer, being his host. The Enchantress, which is visiting our western coasts, and is, I am told, a most comfortable vessel, was formerly known as H.M.S. Helicon. She is commanded by Staff-Commander Philip Oulless, was commissioned at Portsmouth in 1888, and is a bigish craft—one thousand tons. The public generally will agree in wishing that she may act up to her new name, and prove a veritable Enchantress in the matter of restoring the health of the popular Premier. By the way, his Lordship should certainly feel at home on this craft, for, if I have not forgotten my schooling, Helicon was that mountain whence rose the Hippocrene stream sacred to the Muses—a stream that sprang into existence at the touch of the hoofs of Pegasus, and his Lordship should certainly be fond enough of horses to have a kindly feeling for that magic steed.

The Horse Show at Islington, which is illustrated herewith, closed on Friday, and, while differing but little in characteristics or dimensions from the three or four which have preceded it, showed a considerable decrease in entries, for, while these were 549 in 1892, with 24 classes,

Mr. André Raffaelovitch is a perennial playwright, and one of his best efforts was successfully sandwiched between a dinner-party in South Audley Street and a supper at the Savoy last week, to which a sufficient section of the young author's many friends were invited. A play so



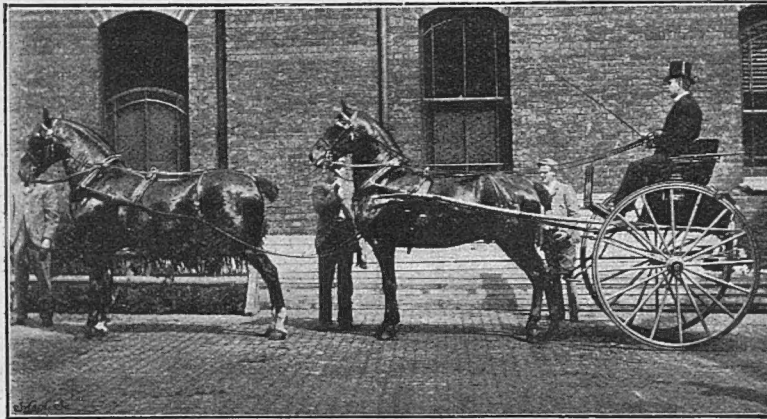
FIRST PRIZE SINGLE HARNESS HORSE (OVER 15 HANDS), "STORM BOY,"
OWNER, MR. V. VERVAEK, CROYDON.



FIRST PRIZE COVERT HACK (OVER 15 HANDS), "GEM OF GEMS,"
OWNER, MR. TOM JAY, PUTNEY.

they were only 477, with 30 classes, this year. Some capital horses were shown, but there was only a fair attendance.

That ancient and inconsequent superstition, which induces many persons to discountenance May as a marrying month, was not shared by Captain Harry Gordon and Lady Florence Hay, whose wedding at St. Columba's, in Pont Street, was one of the few but notable contracts of the "merry month." The Duke and Duchess of Fife attended both the wedding and the reception which was afterwards held at Colonel Gore's house in Queen's

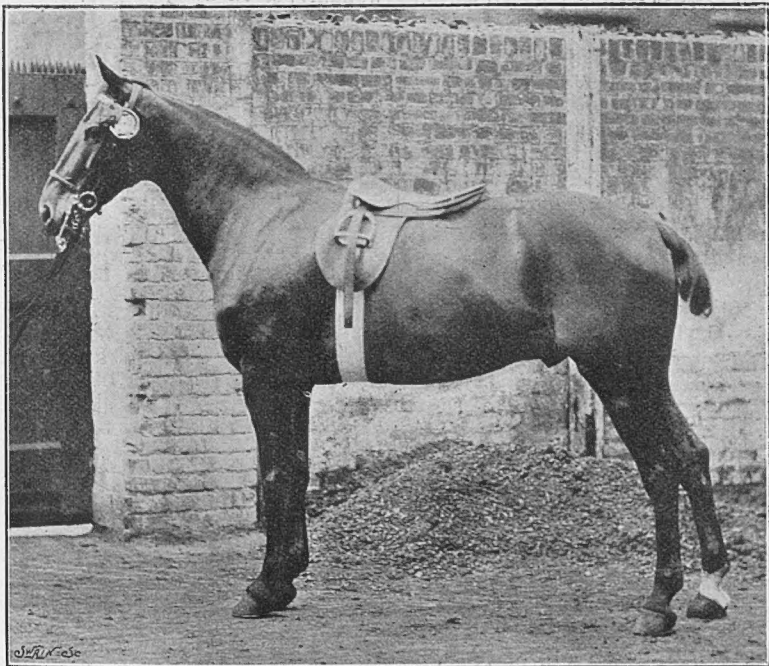


FIRST PRIZE TANDEM (OVER 15 HANDS), "LORD WINDSOR" AND "LORD BUTE,"
OWNER, MR. T. D. JOHN, ST. FAGAN'S, CARDIFF.

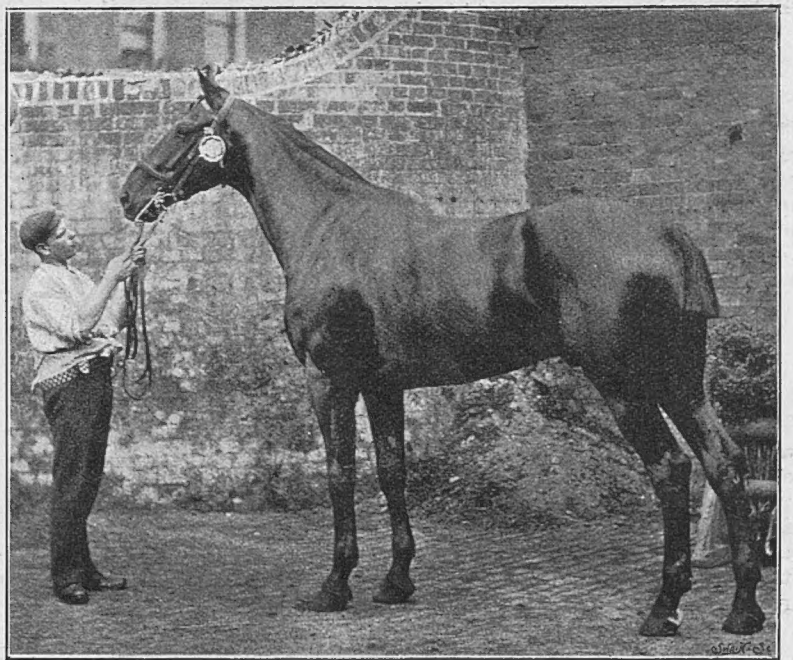
happily launched should have a good hearing, and Mr. Raffaelovitch's production warranted the unstinted praise it met with.

Miss Matilda Arnold, whose marriage with Mr. Henry Engleheart is to take place next month, is heiress to a fortune somewhat more than considerable, the Lyceum Theatre, among other valuable properties, belonging to her mother, Mrs. Waller Arnold, of Sussex Place.

I like the candour of the London parson who has been discoursing on the analogy between the pulpit and the stage. Clergy-



CHAMPION PARK HACK, "SOUND AFFAIR." OWNER, MR. EGERTON CLARKE,
ST. JAMES'S STREET, W.



CHAMPION HUNTER, "MYSTERY." OWNER, MR. J. H. STOKES,
MARKET HARBOROUGH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY R. GIBBS, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.

Gate Terrace. The presents made a very imposing array, among them being a diamond brooch from her Majesty the Queen. Esslemont, Aberdeenshire, was lent by Captain Gordon's father for the honeymoon—a beautiful old place, not very far from Hallhead, Mr. Wolrige Gordon's other property.

men, he said, were as interested as theatrical managers in drawing a "good house"; but whereas playgoers would pay half-a-guinea for a stall, many a church-goer would not even contribute a penny to the offertory. Well, if the playgoer's payment for his seat were dependent on his satisfaction with the entertainment, the receipts would shrink woefully.

"What are the duties of Selbornians?" is the title of a pamphlet I have just received from Blanche Wilkinson. I need hardly say it is not addressed to the noble family of Roundell Palmer; and yet, were the gentle Gilbert White to come among us again, his history of Selborne would be more up to date if it dealt, not with the natural beauties of that historic spot, but with the exotic growth of the lord of the land, who, *contra naturam*, declines to hobnob with his peers.

Another Gilbert, far more familiar to most of us, I fear, than the natural historian, surely anticipated the case of the Earl of Selborne, thirteen years ago, in "Iolanthe," which I am moved to imitate below. Of course, Lord Selborne displays only one side of the progress of the peer. This is evident from the accompanying reproduction of an invitation-card I received from our old friend, Viscount



Hinton, who has so long carried on the traditions of the noble troubadour by turning the handle of a piano-organ. His lordship's "seat" is in the unaristocratic wilds of Leather Lane—the land of the organ-grinder and the ice-cream man. No. 39, from which his lordship dates, is a public-house, the Nag's Head, but the exhibition is being held at 39a, which is decorated with flags, and has a sign in bold letters, "Viscount Hinton." Though I regret that I was unable to accept his invitation, I understand he is exhibiting a Kinetoscope with instantaneous photographs, produced by an Englishman, "Mr. Paul, of Hatton Garden." A circular informs me that the "courteous services" of the heir of Earl Poulett "may be requisitioned by anyone who cares to pay him a visit and—*One Penny*." Things were once very different. By the way, a unique collection of portraits of peers, namely, those who are minors, will appear in the *Album* of Monday. By the time they all reach their majority my rhyme may seem quite out of date.

When Britain really ruled the waves
In good Disraeli's time,
The House of Peers had too much nous
To think about the Lower House,
But now they've changed their chime;
To-day they seem inclined to fill
The Commons or the Lords at will.
Time was, indeed, when men were proud
To be created peers;
But nowadays the *hoi polloi*
Seem almost eager to destroy
Their lordships with their sneers,
Small wonder that a lord at last
Is anxious to abjure his caste.
And Britain's battles once were fought
By all her doughty lords;
And every country far and near
Admired the conquering British peer
Whene'er he measured swords;
But now they hanker after trade—
Some earn their living with the spade.
The time, perhaps, may one day come
When schoolboys will be told
How Britain used to rule the waves,
How Britons never could be slaves
In famous days of old;
And how the peerage came to wane
In Queen Victoria's glorious reign.

Mr. Labouchere mentioned in the House last week that somebody had offered to prove his kinship with the Royal Family for ten guineas. This pedigree-hunter has volunteered his services to many people. I am a little surprised that he has not approached me on the subject of my affinity with various noble houses, for I feel, like Tess's father, that the "skellintons" of my illustrious ancestors are lying thickly in ancient fanes. For ten guineas the pedigree-conjuror might make them rattle their bones. I lie awake at night listening for that spectral music. If this should meet the pedigree-man's eye, I hope he will see his way to reducing the price.

Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, as we all know, is an absentee—temporarily, no doubt—from the *Yellow Book*, and yet I seem to recognise a certain pencil, in a drawing of a child with a hoop, in the current number. The head is by no means like the familiar Beardsley heads of the other sex. It has an old-fashioned, beginning-of-the-century air; but the line of the frock is surely unmistakable. Yet, when I turn to the contents-page, I find this drawing attributed to "Robert Halle," of whom I have never heard! Is Mr. Beardsley masquerading again? Or is this the innocent style in which he will presently make his formal reappearance in Mr. Lane's quarterly?

Mr. John Lane, the publisher of the *Yellow Book*, has been interviewed in the *New York Times* upon his impressions of English authors.

It is not Mr. Lane's fault that the interview teems with inaccuracies; one is quite sure that he did not say that the London *Daily Chronicle* had been for only six weeks a literary organ—he probably said six years. One is also sure that he did not refer to Mrs. Meynell as Mrs. Maywell, and that he was equally guiltless of a host of other trivial errors. But we know these gentlemen who haunt the corridors of the hotels at New York, who pounce upon you even as you enter the lift or the dining-room, and who make you say, the next morning, all kinds of absurdities for which you would not willingly be held responsible. That is one point which separates American journalism from our own. Here, although the interviewing system has the fullest place, we do at least allow the victim the privilege of reading the proof. That is a practice which American journals might well copy.

Mr. Oswald Crawford has made a good beginning with *Chapman's Magazine*. Mr. Anthony Hope's dialogues are capital reading, and Miss Violet Hunt handles the same form with much deftness in "A Hard Woman." Whether the general reader likes this fiction in dialogue is a moot point, but I find it an indescribable relief from the average padding of narrative novels. Mr. Stanley Weyman has adopted the same method in "For the Cause," a tale of the inevitable Weymanesque Henri Quatre; but though I can believe a good many things about that monarch, this particular specimen of his romantic foolhardiness is too much for me. Mr. John Davidson's ballad seems to reflect on the futility of starting new magazines—

Yet, why seek after some new birth?
For, surely, late or soon,
This age-fit we call the earth
Shall be a corpse-cold moon.

However, this is put into the mouth of a sceptic, who is very properly confounded later on. The rest of the number consists of Bret Harte, James Payn, Frankfort Moore, and George Brett, who furnishes the everlasting police-fiction. I tremble now when I meet a file of gentlemen in blue, lest they should burst into incredible narratives which they have just written for Mr. Crawford. Well, I drink luck to *Chapman's* out of the ink-stand!

Writing from Trinidad, the other day, a lady friend of mine gave me some interesting details of the great fire at Port of Spain, of which we saw some mention a short time since in the London journals. My friend, who lives some way from the town, tells me that she happened to be stopping in the place for a day or two, and never saw so "superb a blaze," though, I may add, she has seen more than one big fire in London. Business seems to have been completely stopped, and things must have come to a pretty pass when a lady who arrives in town for a day or two of shopping returns to her country house without a single parcel! This seems to have been my friend's experience, and on it she lays considerable stress. By the way, it seems somewhat curious that that scourge the influenza, which was attacking us all here a month or two back, should now be raging in the warm West Indian atmosphere. In Trinidad, at the time of my friend's writing, Bishop, Colonial Secretary, and other big-wigs were all victims to the hateful complaint.

A clever writer and a charming woman passed away on May 4, in the person of Mrs. J. K. Spender. Only a few weeks ago she had published a pleasant book of stories, entitled "Thirteen Doctors," written, as was her "Recollections of a Country Doctor," with the intimate knowledge of a physician's wife. Everything she wrote—from her first novel, "Brothers-in-Law," published in 1869, to her later efforts—was the "harvest of a quiet eye," reaped slowly and conscientiously. She was a daughter of Dr. Edward Headland, a well-known London physician, and was educated at Queen's College, Harley Street, where her high intellectual gifts were developed and her interest in women's education aroused. Among the master-minds who influenced her were Frederick Denison Maurice and Dr. Plumptre; but she was receptive to all influences which were progressive. She married Dr. Spender, of Bath, in 1858, and exercised considerable influence in that city. Her literary gifts have been inherited by her sons, one of whom assists Mr. E. T. Cook in the editorship of the *Westminster Gazette*, and another writes the Parliamentary descriptive article for the *Daily Chronicle*. Mrs. Spender's novels include "Parted Lives," which is well worth perusal, "Her Own Fault," and "A Waking." They all reflect her cultured sympathy with others, and a desire to represent faithfully the various types depicted. In the sixty-two years of her life she made many friends, and has left behind a sweet memory, which will long be cherished.



MRS. J. KENT SPENDER.
Photo by Bird, Bath.

Always new ideas! This time fresh thoughts on flying! For the past eighteen months Mr. W. Neale has been labouring to perfect his new ideas regarding the aerial ballet, and the first public exhibition of his improved machine took place at the Canterbury Music Hall on Monday night. "The chief points of difference between my machine and those of preceding inventors," Mr. Neale told me, "are mainly these: First, my method is the only one where the performer comes on the stage absolutely unsupported by other dancers, and the only

of Mr. Neale's machine is that the operator works from the stage, not from the "grid," and has thus a perfect view of the performer all the time. The invention has cost about a thousand pounds, and weighs one hundred. Originally it weighed eight hundred pounds, but now it can be fitted up and taken down in five minutes. Mr. Neale is, at an early date, to organise an aerial ballet, with further ingenious combinations, at Blackpool.

The almost tropical heat notwithstanding, there was a full house at Islington, the other night, at the Grand, to sample Mr. Silvanus Dauncey's melodrama, "The Reckoning." The play has many ingenious situations, and was very enthusiastically greeted. I noticed that the "comic relief" was particularly pleasing to pit and gallery, especially that provided by a solemn and delightfully conceited butler, admirably played by Mr. J. Willes, a member of the Haymarket company. It was a new experience to see Miss Alma Murray in a rôle so unsympathetic that she earned in one scene the approval of the "gods" bestowed in the shape of hisses such as are showered at the Adelphi on the "villain of the piece." I should say Mr. Dauncey's play will be popular in the provinces, though the three most important parts will no longer be in the experienced hands of Miss Murray, Mr. Glenney, and Mr. Dalton. The last time I was at the Islington theatre was on the memorable occasion of the "Cenci" performance, when Mr. Hermann Vezin and Miss Alma Murray won a veritable triumph. It was not long after this, if I remember rightly, that the theatre was burnt down, and the "unco guid" believed this disaster to be a fitting judgment on the scene of the production of so wicked a play as Shelley's tragedy.

The successor to "Delia Harding" at the Comedy Theatre will be a comedy, "The Prude's Progress," by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, whose dramatic works lately have been performed chiefly in America. The new piece has received a preliminary provincial production at Cambridge, and among the additions to the Comedy company will be Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. Edward Righton, Mr. Ernest Leicester (the popular leading man of the Surrey stock company), Mr. W. T. Lovell, and Mr. Arthur Playfair.

It is some little time since Mr. Jerome favoured *nous autres Anglais* with a taste of his quality as a dramatist. "Woodbarrow Farm" was, I fancy, more successful in America than it was in London. "New Lamps for Old," a farcical comedy originally produced at Terry's, has dropped



MISS JANNETTE DESBOROUGH.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

one where she has perfect freedom of movement. With my machine the dancer evinces none of that stiffness of motion you notice where any other apparatus is used. She can detach herself or attach herself at will, without the audience being aware of the fact; and, besides, she can turn as often as she pleases without the slightest inconvenience. Further, I have succeeded in obtaining a combination and variety of motion hitherto unaccomplished in aerial ballet. In the older methods only one arc could be described in the air, on a centre always fixed. Now we can manage three or more flights in a single crossing of the stage. The dancer rises into the air, say, from the O.P. side of the stage; at a third of the distance across she alights, then off she goes again on another flight, and yet again descends, making a third passage through the air, and even a fourth or fifth, should the stage be large enough, before the prompt side is reached. And so back again. The distance of flight can be infinitely varied. We effect a combination of motions in the air. The lady soars in, say, from the O.P. side, rises obliquely till she is half-way up the flies at the prompt side, and then returns, vanishing overhead among the flies at the side on which she originally entered. The dancing is never for a moment impeded. In the very act of a step the dancer floats away, and returns to the stage with the lightness of a feather. Her movements on the stage are perfectly easy; we have quite obviated that cautious, creeping motion you notice in the older methods. That arose because the girls were always attached to the counterpoise: if they got clear of it they had to go off to get attached again."

All that Mr. Neale promised, his machine duly performed. The first scene was a lively aerial dance by a Tambourine Pierrette, Miss Jannette Desborough, partly on the stage, with smart aerial turns, covering five to twenty-five feet; the second was more elaborate. Before a bird's-eye view of London by night, Miss Desborough, as an airy sylph, floated in from above, and hovered over the city, now ascending, now descending, with the most wonderful variety and elegance of motion, alighting now and then for a graceful stage-dance and again soaring away into space. Every movement was such as one associates in imagination with the hitherto unknown art of flying. The house was enthusiastic, and recalled Miss Jannette Desborough, who soared in from aloft to acknowledge the compliment, retiring by the same airy path. Afterwards Mr. Neale permitted me to interview his machine. Like all beautiful contrivances, it is perfectly simple, consisting of—but there! that is a secret, very precious to the inventor, and not to be given away. One other peculiarity



MISS JANNETTE DESBOROUGH.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

out of the repertory; but amateur clubs have remained faithful to those two exceedingly pretty one-act pieces, "Barbara" and "Sunset." I never much cared for Mr. Jerome's adaptation of François Coppée's "Le Luthier de Crémone," which he inaptly called "Fennel." His fresh venture at the Comedy Theatre is interesting to those who are fond of watching playwrights "laying low" for a while, and then again "bobbing up serenely."

Undeterred by the ill-fortune of Mr. Fred W. Sidney's farcical comedy, "A Loving Legacy," at its last London lodgings, the Opera Comique, Mr. E. F. Bradley is sending it on tour again with a company including several of the former exponents, such as Messrs. J. A. Rosier, Mark Kinghorne, Oswald Yorke, Misses Olga Garland and Lizzie Henderson.

I don't think anybody noticed a smart line in the dialogue of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Mention is made of the chance of someone being made a lion of, to which the reply is, "No man ever escaped spoiling by being lionised—except Daniel."

People may have wondered why Mr. C. J. Abud, acting on behalf of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau, should have chosen the Assembly Rooms, Balham, of all places in the world, whereat to give on Tuesday in last week a representation of a new opera, "The Tzigane." The explanation is that this was a copyright performance, and that the work was being produced at Abbey's Theatre, New York, just about the same time, by the above-mentioned trio of *entrepreneurs*. The principal part in "The Tzigane" is being filled in America by Miss Lillian Russell, and the librettist and composer are respectively Messrs. Henry B. Smith and Reginald de Koven, who collaborated quite recently in a light opera on the subject of Rob Roy.

Mr. de Koven is known in England as a writer of music that is melodious, if nothing better; but he holds a much more prominent position in America, where, among other things, he writes trenchantly on musical topics for the *New York World*. He has been succinctly described as a man blonde and dapper in aspect, with cold eyes and a penchant for patent-leather shoes.

The scene of "The Tzigane" is laid in Russia, at the time of the Napoleonic invasion. The famous fair at Nijni-Novgorod is represented on the stage, and there is another fine spectacle of an Ambassador's Ball at an Ice Palace. Miss Lillian Russell appears as a gipsy fortune-teller, and afterwards as an opera-singer, and as a Polish cantinière who helps the Russians to beat the French. I hope she has better opportunities than she had in "The Queen of Brilliants."

I asked a friend of mine, who was at the first night of "The Triumph of the Philistines," if he liked Mr. Jones's new play better than the critics appeared to do. He sadly shook his head. Did he express his disapproval, then? Another silent negative. Why not? Well, he was a friend of the management, and did not like to; but, he confessed, at times he felt inclined to go out and borrow a property beard and wig, and return to give vent to his feelings. This reminds me of a story told the other day by a popular comedian. A piece was being played in the provinces—a serious piece—which, as it progressed, was so "guyed" that the audience became quite hilarious. One individual sat solemn in the front row of the pit. "Why don't you laugh?" asked a neighbour. "Ain't it glorious?" "Well," was the reply, "you see, I came in with an order; but if this goes on much longer, hanged if I don't go out and pay to come back, and laugh as much as I jolly well please!" Another good story from the same *raconteur* told how a music-hall artist won much ironical applause. After his turn, he exclaimed to the manager, "I'm a-going now, ain't I?" "No, not now," was the reply; "on Saturday!"

The success of "The Passport" at Terry's has brought Mr. William Yardley several petitions from managers for new plays. Among the petitioners, I hear, are Mr. George Alexander and Mrs. Langtry.

When the "Gaiety Girl" Company was leaving Melbourne, an interesting episode occurred, in the meeting of the veteran Miss Emily Soldene and Mr. Harry Monckhouse. They had been associated in the old days, and when the lady touched the massive comedian on the arm he forgot his words for the moment, then he choked out "Wha-a-a-t!" and, raising his hat, bowed almost to the ground.

I have just received news of Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli. She has been having great success in South Africa. Since Miss Macintyre's visit, the way has been prepared for appreciative audiences to listen to famous singers, and I should not wonder if, in the days to come, our principal vocalists regard a tour in Africa as much a matter of course as a trip to the United States. Miss Trebelli commenced with concerts in Cape Town, where, also, her tour is expected to conclude. She then went to Johannesburg, where seven concerts were given, with growing success. Some of the newspapers waxed facetious about her singing the "Jewel Song"! I notice that my friend Mr. Charles Saunders is a member of the party, and has been received with the utmost enthusiasm. The young Cornishman was expecting to return to England after his visit to Australia, but Madame Camilla Urso wired to him asking him to sing on her African tour. Then, on Mdlle. Trebelli's arrival, he was induced to join her party. Probably he will, however, be heard in London within a few weeks' time.

A capital instance of the ready wit of "the gallery boy" has just come under my notice. A melodrama was being performed at a provincial theatre, the principal scene taking place in a pretty church "set," with snow falling, and pealing organ heard from within. Amid these picturesque environments, an unhappy woman was on the point of being murdered, and the audience was getting thrilled to its heart's content.

But the tension speedily slackened, for, in a boy's shrill whistle, there came down from the gallery the familiar strains of "At Trinity Church I met my Doom!"

After all, Mr. Stead has not written a novel, but only the preface. The Babylonian maid's adventures are related by the lady herself, and Mr. Stead has simply given the book the stamp of his approval. This is a disappointment, for many of us had looked forward to Mr. Stead's tale with expectations of chaste fancy and subtle refinements of style. Why can't we have Mr. Stead's Babylonian reminiscences, even in the form of an autobiography?

The term "Modern Babylon," as applied to our Metropolis, is strangely applicable in more ways than appear at first sight. We owe its notoriety to the fact that it was used by Mr. Stead in the days of his consulship in Northumberland Avenue. A few days ago, in one of those fits of studious abstraction which providentially occur now and again to enable me to meet the demands of my landlady, I chanced upon a passage of Herodotus, in which the great historian descended into details about the City of Babylon, and was struck by some very odd coincidences. First and foremost, the city built by Semiramis was almost the same size as that portion of Middlesex ruled over by our own County Council. The difference in population is, of course, immense; but then in Babylon the streets were broad and straight, and crossing one another at regular intervals and right-angles, while London has not yet reached that perfect condition of its ancient prototype. It is strange but true that nowadays, in spite of our vaunted civilisation, we are far behind the state of Babylon in the time of its prosperity. I even started a careful comparison between some of the ceremonies attending the rites of Melyta—who was to the Babylonians what Astarte and Aphrodite were to the Egyptians and Greeks—and the modern ballet, and found the balance of realism decidedly on the ancient side. When will our modern managements take a leaf out of the papyrus of the ancients, and give antiquaries such as myself something like a fair chance?

Here is the most recent thing in astrology. Mr. Herbert Vivian has been consulting Miss Horniman, an adept in the art, with reference to his novel, "Boconnoe: a Romance of Wild Oat-cake," which Messrs. Henry and Co. are to publish on Wednesday. According to the prophecy, "some of the Press notices will be unfavourable, but they will assist in the success of the book; the majority of notices will be excellent, and between the two opinions the End of the Matter will be triumphant. Jupiter trine Saturn shows great success, which will be well deserved, as the Greater Fortune (Jupiter) is in the author's House of Pisces and trine to Herschel, which will bring even greater popularity than is anticipated. Much attention will be aroused by the book, which cannot fail to add extensively to the fame of the writer. This is expressed in the figure by the Sun (fame) being in sextile—a favourable position—to Jupiter, who is Lord of the End of the Matter. Jupiter is Lord of the Seventh House, which governs lawsuits, and, as he is well dignified, and trine to Saturn, there is no fear of libel actions." Mr. Vivian's "Green Bay Tree" was compared by the critics to "Lothair." In his present work he has not abandoned the Disraelian tradition, and there are some who aver that he has called a second "Contarini Fleming" into existence.

I fancy I know that ferocious boarhound which seems to have been a prominent member of the staff at a recently raided foreign night-club in Whitfield Street. A large animal of this sort I have often seen being led up and down Tottenham Court Road, either by a Teutonic damsel of unmistakable occupation, or by a sturdy blackguard of the genus "Alphonse." These people are the pest of the Soho and Tottenham Court Road foreign quarters.

Talking of hounds reminds me that the largest Danish hound in existence is said to belong to the Czar, who has made a house-pet of the dog, and keeps it in his own apartments. The Czar is stated to place great confidence in the animal's intelligence and devotion, and has often dismissed new attendants towards whom the hound has shown dislike. The explanation assigned is that the dog had recognised in them secret foes to its master.

A correspondent caps the story told in these columns the other week of linguistic pride receiving a fall. Some years ago, when walking in the City, he came across a well-dressed Chinaman shuffling his way through the streets. The familiar dress induced on my correspondent's part a few words of greeting; and on asking in the Chinese colloquial, "Well? Not well?" he received for answer, "I say, can tell me way to London Docks?"

THE DERBY.

"The Illustrated London News" of May 25 will contain a special double-page Supplement in Colours, entitled, "THE PRELIMINARY CANTER."

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

A CHAT WITH MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

It was with mingled feelings (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) that I passed through the pretty conservatory entrance to the quiet villa which has now been for so long the headquarters of the Theosophical Society, for, on the last occasion that I saw Mrs. Besant "at home," it was on her daughter's wedding-day, and the beautiful girlish bride—so like what her mother must have once been—was naturally the centre of

though, mark you, it is only a survival of the Mohammedan Conquest. During the old Hindoo civilisation, women were quite free, and came and went much as we do; but, as is natural, the *purdah* has deeply influenced every social institution, and a North Indian lady now looks on any publicity as an outrage, and any change in this respect must come from within, and through their own teachers. Of course, in Southern India, the position of women is entirely different; but still, even there, the two sexes do not mix freely in society."

"And are Indian girls ever educated, in our sense of the word?"

"The word education in India," observed Mrs. Besant thoughtfully, "does not mean reading and writing, but rather a knowledge of



MRS. BESANT, HER DAUGHTER (MRS. ERNEST SCOTT), AND HER GRAND-DAUGHTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.

attraction to the large circle of friends, Theosophists and others, who had come to bid her and her husband, Mr. Ernest Scott, all good luck and happiness in the Australian home to which they were shortly betaking themselves.

In spite of her white hair, Mrs. Besant looks younger, rather than older, than she did before her late visit to India and Australasia, and it seems absurd to associate the idea of the slim, light figure with that of a grandmother, little Miss Muriel Besant-Scott notwithstanding.

"What have I to say about the women of India?" she repeated, smiling; "well, I formed a very favourable impression of those with whom I came in contact. I was struck by their intelligence, although, of course, it differs in many ways from that displayed by European women. Northern and Southern India are, to all intents and purposes, two distinct countries, especially in all the laws and customs affecting women; in the north, for instance, the *purdah* is still in full force,

philosophy and literature. According to their own standard, Indian women are often highly educated. All the teaching in the East is oral. Learned Pundits go from house to house holding a kind of class, at which the household assists. This occurs once or twice a week, and is how sacred as well as secular knowledge is acquired. This habit, cultivated by generations, of storing the memory to an extraordinary extent with facts and sacred writings, probably accounts to no small degree for the success with which Indian students pass our competitive and other exams., in which a good memory plays so great a rôle. As to the education of the women," she continued, "I held a meeting which was only attended by Indians of my own sex, and I was astonished at the philosophical and subtle questions put to me by members of the audience. Still, I must admit that many of them struck me as strangely simple and childish in character, though with a simplicity differing from that belonging to Europeans of the same class."

"I suppose that home-life, in our sense of the word, does not exist in India?"

"On the contrary," she replied quickly, "one of the things which impressed me most was the influence and authority exercised by the elder women of the family within the home circle—aye, and outside it, for an Indian will not act in a public matter against the wishes and advice of, say, his mother and grandmother."

"And how about the child-marriages of which we hear so much? Have you a good word to say for the system?"

"Not as now practised, especially in Southern India, where mere babies are married, the more especially in view of the fact that, when a child-husband dies, his widow is condemned to lifelong celibacy."

"Then you are in favour of British legislation on the subject?"

"No, I cannot say that I am. It is entirely a matter for their own religious teachers—who are, by the way, in favour of a reform and change in the marriage customs. There is no authority for child-marriage in the ancient Hindoo Scriptures, and the present system, which allows a girl with a large dowry to, so to speak, buy a husband, is very much condemned by the Pundits. Still, the matter is not one for legislative interference by the English Government; Indians care for nothing so long as their social and religious habits are not touched, but any attempt to compel them to alter any established custom has a very dangerous effect, and defeats its own object."

"How did the caste question strike you?"

"I consider the four great castes a great advantage to a social system," was the unexpected answer, "but I do not believe in the present subdivisions of castes. In the Brahmin caste alone there are something like a hundred subdivisions. Of course," added Mrs. Besant, smiling, "the very idea and theory of caste becomes absurd if you do not believe, as I do, in Reincarnation. Those who hold that doctrine know that when caste was real each soul was born into the caste for which its qualities fitted it, and they believe position in this world was then the direct outcome of the evolutionary position of the soul. I suppose you know that there are four great castes—those who assist in the production of material wealth, those engaged in commerce, those to whom belong administrative work, which includes magistrates, soldiers, and so on, and those who are teachers, this last caste being the highest of all and least provided with this world's goods."

"I believe it is impossible for a native to change from one caste to another?"

"In old days that was not so; but now it very rarely, if ever, occurs. But one belonging to any caste can become a *Sannyāsi*, or ascetic. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the Indians are not believers in their own caste-system; all the sympathies of the great majority are with it, and the pious Shūdra is as proud of his caste as is the Brahmin. Of course, to English people, the idea that one caste is not able to break bread with another is revolting, but you must remember that Indians do not consider the matter as we do. Nothing astonishes them more than the fact that English people can never meet without eating or drinking together. Indians consider that social life means conversation; they will sit and smoke and talk for hours, and then, when they must eat, they go away by themselves and get through the operation as quickly as possible, alone, or with men of their own caste."

"Do you approve of sending out medical Zenana missionaries from home?"

"Well," she replied frankly, "there the question of caste plays a great part, especially where English nurses are concerned. Suspicion is also attached to European lady doctors, for the first to go out were invariably missionaries, who made their knowledge an excuse for proselytising; but I am much in favour of having Indian women trained as doctors and nurses, and, at the Theosophical Society's headquarters at Benares, we hope to train a certain number of Indian widows as lady doctors and nurses under the direct supervision of their own religious teachers."

"One word more. How were you impressed by Australia?"

Mrs. Besant hesitated. "I was especially interested in New Zealand, which seemed to me an object-lesson in democracy, for there the world can see the working out in practice of democratic teachings. I was struck also by the fact that the Maoris have been very fairly treated by the English settlers, compensation being given them for the land taken, this being, I think, the first time that this has ever been done. The Maoris also enjoy man and woman suffrage, and return their own members to the Legislative Parliament."

"Would you advise emigration to Australasia?"

"Certainly not now. The labour struggles are very bitter, and strikes are frequent; but if an English labourer resisted the temptation of remaining in the towns, and would be contented to do what he did at home, he would probably make a better living for himself and his family; but all the emigrants drift to the towns, and so the land has been taken up and held speculatively; still, an attempt is being made to break up these unfruitful holdings by means of a heavy land tax."

And then a dark, turbaned Indian glided into the room with the news that another visitor was waiting to see Mrs. Besant, and once more I passed through the Eastern-looking hall, without the word "Mahatma" having even been mentioned either by myself or my kind, courteous hostess.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

NOTES FROM OPERA AND THEATRE.

There can be no hesitation in saying that the Italian Opera opened splendidly, and during its first week has earned the title Italian Opera. "Otello" was a capital choice for the first night. No doubt our fathers, who digested their dinners happily over "Il Trovatore," prefer the Verdi of youth to the Verdi of age. Indeed, one old friend of mine, who has always been a passionate admirer of opera—the scornful would add "and hater of music"—gravely told me that "Otello" and "Falstaff" were lamentable instances of senile decay. However, those who are not old enough to rave about Grisi and Mario venture to think that in the handling by Boito and Verdi of Shakspeare's tragedy of jealousy lies the finest Italian product of Italian opera, and that a Leonecavallo and a Mascagni are dwarfs beside the man who has risen to such a splendid pitch of creative power.

No doubt the reception by the wonderful audience was due almost as much to the singing of Tamagno as to the music of the grand old Italian. His voice, and his brilliant gifts as actor, render him an ideal representative of the part, as, later on, he proved to be of Jean de Leyden in "Le Prophète." Incidentally, one may observe that the difference in quality between the two operas can be expressed in the statement that "Otello" is greater than Tamagno, and that the singer is more noteworthy than the vigorous melodrama of Meyerbeer. However, I might speak a little more generally. There is the question of the orchestra—not of its quality, for that is of admitted excellence, but of its position. Is the sinking of the musicians a gain or not? I have only heard one unfavourable opinion, and that came from a friend of mine—one of the first-violins. He does not see the benefit of the change, which means, I think, that he sees now little or nothing at all. To me, Sir Augustus seems to have been wise. It is a blessing no longer to gaze upon the perspiring music-makers; the sound, from all parts of the house, appears more bound together, and the A and B rows, which used to be avoided by the critical because one could only hear the component parts and not the composition, have become desirable now from the very opposite reason.

The "Mefistofele" evening was noteworthy for the reappearance of Miss Macintyre, who has been carrying war into the enemy's country, and singing with great success in Italy. I may admit some little disappointment in her Helen, for, perhaps through fatigue, she was decidedly flat towards the end of the evening. However, she sang beautifully in the "La Luna Immobile" duet, and certainly her voice has grown richer and fuller, while as actress she has greatly developed. Plançon makes an admirable Mefistofele, doing full justice to the best stage treatment of the part, both as singer and actor. One may express, also, hearty pleasure in the excellent singing of Signor de Lucia, who managed his beautiful voice with great skill. By-the-bye, I have never heard the delightful garden quartet given so well as by the three I have named and Signora Kitzu; I can remember better voices in it, but never such perfect blending.

I notice that in speaking of "Otello" I have been silent about all save "Tamagno"—this is not surprising, but is unjust. Certainly Madame Albani ought to be mentioned, for her acting was unusually good, and her singing did full justice to her reputation. It is hardly fair to judge Mdle. Lejeune by her performance as Bertha in "Le Prophète," since, to tell the truth, it is not easy to be just to those who take part in the opera. Admitting that it is a vastly clever piece of melodrama, I am still far from finding pleasure in it, and, seeing what is the répertoire of the wonderful, perhaps unparalleled company at the command of Sir Augustus Harris, I do not see why Meyerbeer should cumber the ground.

When I heard that Miss Olga Nethersole had refused to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell play the part of Agnes Ebbsmith, I trembled. For it was difficult to find any good reason why she should not have studied the work of her brilliant predecessor. It was, then, without surprise that I found that the second Mrs. Ebbsmith, though her acting, as was certain to be the case, showed considerable ability, certainly did not give a satisfactory presentation of the strange companion of Lucas Cleeve. There was nothing in Miss Nethersole to suggest the humble origin, the cruel life-circumstances of "Mad Agnes," which were brought out wonderfully by Mrs. Campbell. The "raucous voice" seemed an untruth, even the reproach of dowdiness was ill-placed to a handsome young woman in a neat, well-made dress, with her hair scrupulously, carefully waved. By putting aside this aspect of the character, Miss Nethersole did no little injury to the play.

The question of power arises. Looking back, one is surprised to think how little effort seemed to be needed by Mrs. Campbell for great effects. There was no underplaying of the earlier scenes in order to render the Bible scene—the *clou* of the piece—effective. In the new actress, however, there is too great a contrast between a restraint during two acts and three-quarters that became rather monotonous, and the abandon, the positive, vigorous passion, of the end of the third act. It lies, without doubt, in Miss Nethersole's power—so rich are her gifts—to do justice to the difficult part, and, therefore, to the remarkable play. For the rest, I can but say that almost all the company seemed to have improved, though improvement was hardly needed. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Lucas is quite a fascinating study of the unstable, Miss Ellis Jeffreys has established herself as a *finé comédienne*. Mr. Hare has grown more subtle than before, while Mr. Aubrey Smith gives a performance of remarkable ease and finish. What a wonderful and inexhaustible play is "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith!"

MONOCLE.



THE SISTERS RAVOGLI.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.

"BARON GOLOSH," AT THE TRAFALGAR THEATRE.

Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.



CLEMENTINE (MISS FLORENCE PERRY).

"How I loved my dear old Sam!"



MARREAU (MR. HARRY PAULTON).

"I am glad I came."



MADAME DE BELLEFONTAINE (MISS MELNOTTE) AND VISCOUNT ACACIA (MR. HUMPHREY).

"Don't tell me; I know you are proud of your legs!"



MADOLON (MISS ALICE LETHBRIDGE) AND BARON GOLOSH (MR. E. J. LONNEN).

"There are two sides to everything."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

ADAM'S PICANINNY.

BY MRS. ALFRED HART.

Everyone in the circus kicked and cuffed him, and certainly he was the very ugliest nigger ever seen! He had joined the troupe when quite a lad, and because of his age and greyness all saw fit to make his hard life harder than it need have been.

Everyone except Mimi, the eight-year-old child of the circus proprietor, and she, with the unerring instinct of the young, knew that a most loyal and loving heart beat beneath that hideous exterior,



MRS. ALFRED HART.
Photo by Cassar, Malta.

and that the brown, patient eyes of the poor old man were the kindest ever seen. Consequently, and in defiance of all orders, she would seek out the much-abused Adam, and with her innocent questions and adorable ways flood his barren existence with such sweetness that he sometimes forgot the smart of his bruises and, at night, his extreme weariness.

"Why are you so black, Adam? why is your hair like wool, and why have you a mouth like a frog?" one day asked the little damsel, pressing, nevertheless, to the old parched lips her own rosebud mouth.

"I dunno, honey missey," answered the old man, looking as though an angel had refreshed and sanctified him; "'spects God made ole Adam ugly jes' to show what a sweet wee missey you is!

Niggers doan' have golden hairs and white skins, dearie—niggers is made to be kicked and do all the work that no one else will do. Can't 'speat niggers to be treated like white folks, dearie. But ole Adam, he do wish his mouth was like a hummin' bird's instead of a frog's."

"Birds have beaks, you silly old Adam!" laughed Mimi.

"So they hev, you blissed, clever lambkin. Did ye ever see such a tiny hand"—taking the child's fingers and laying them across his horny palm—"dey jes' like lilley spikes; dey allus makes ole Adam's head better."

"Adam got headache?" queried Mimi. "Why, what a big lump on your eye! How did it come there?"

"Carlo hed an acciden' with his whip, honey; hit me, instead ob 'oss. Kissin' it to make it well, are ye? God bless lilley honey baby. Now tell ole Adam how you gettin' on wid yer ridin'; only anubber week, and then we shall see picaninny on a lilleywhite pony, and won't folks jes' clap! She'll hev bowkets and flowers, an'—an' sweeties; and when she gets dem wings on her shoulders, Adam'll be 'fraid honey 'ull fly straight away to de blue, blue sky. What'll Adam do den?"

"Come too."

"Dat he would; couldn't do widout lilley missey, she just keep 'im 'live."

"Do you say prayers every night, Adam, and do you put clean clothes on every week?"

"Yes, Adam says his prayers ebbery night—prays to the big, kind Jesus what honey told him about; and when Adam's very sore with kicks, he tinks of the dear Lord on His wooden cross, of His bleedin' sides an' 'an's; and den he feels comforted, and prays for lilley missey too. As for dem clean clo's, I washes dem mysel', cos Granny won't wash nigger's clo's. No, Adam couldn't be dirty when he has a white missey wot comes to him. Adam feels 'shamed! Picaninny come and see the monkeys?"

"Drop that kid, nigger!" broke in a loud voice upon them. "I'll tell the boss how you neglecks yer duties, and he'll flog yer for slobberin' over his child. She ain't brought up like a lady to have a nigger always arter her!"

A brutal, coarse-faced man, dressed in a greasy check stuit, came forward and flourished a whip before the old man; but Mimi, the colour leaping to her soft cheeks, sprang off Adam's knee, and, fronting the bully, said—

"If you hits Adam, I'll kick you! Adam's goin' to show me the monkey—so, there! you nasty, ugly, fat man! Come along, Adam!" turning to her coloured friend; "give me your hand, Adam—I'll take care of you!" and the little creature, with a ridiculous air of dignity, marched past the astonished stableman, who could only rub his nose and mutter, "Well, I'm blowed!"

Thus, hand in hand, Mimi and Adam made the round of the animals comprising the bulk of Signor Dingo's—in other words, plain Jim Brown's—Circus. These were not—alas! for the success of Signor Dingo—of particularly uncommon breed, nor many in number. The lion, their *pièce de résistance*, was growing almost too old to roar; the two elephants were also somewhat hoary, having passed their prime in a circus very different to the one they now adorned. A cage of jackals, a

chimpanzee, and a few wizened monkeys were the other features of attraction, and, of course, there were performing horses, bad or indifferent. But one beautiful little animal Signor Dingo did possess: and that was the white pony on which Mimi was to make her début. It was like a tiny, dainty lady with its satin coat and pink nose, and owed much of its elegance to the constant and loving grooming of Adam. How gently the old man tended the little brute only Mimi knew, and it was a beautiful sight to see the poor old nigger with his baby friend on one side and his dumb friend on the other, for he would pretend that Floss was talking to him of her little mistress, and Mimi would listen entranced.

"Yes, lilley missey," he said on this particular morning, "dis 'ere lubley pony says she jus' about to bust wid joy 'cos she's goin' to carry you. She's a-promisin' me she'll go that there gently that you couldn't fall, and that she's nebber seen a blessider an' a prettier picaninny than my little missey. She's goin' to hev' silken reins in her mout' and a silken stripe on her back, so when you comes out in your baby white dress folks 'ull think there's a wee spirit pony goin' to fly away wid picaninny."

And Mimi would laugh and rub her sweet cheek against Adam's hand, he, meanwhile, making joyful little grunts of appreciation, scarce daring to move lest his darling should cease her caresses.

And when the day of days arrived, ah! how important was Adam! None so anxious as he that the site chosen to pitch the circus-tent should be favourable, none so eager that the tent should be full. He stole into the town to gaze upon the gaudy posters that announced the fact that Signorina Dingo, Child Prodigy, would make her first appearance that evening, and no pilgrim before a shrine could have gazed more devotedly upon his patron saint than did Adam upon the little figure thus glaringly advertised.

All during the afternoon he went restlessly in and out the circus ring, raking the sawdust, and removing every obstacle that might tend in any way to make Floss stumble. And the coat of Floss, how it shone! What did he care that the clown kicked, the juggler cuffed him? What heed paid he when the stableman knocked him down because his ugly nigger face gave him the "jumps"? His little picaninny was to ride forth like a queen, and the world would be the better for merely looking upon her dear form.

Half an hour before the performance began, Mimi sent for Adam to see her dress. On tiptoe he stole into the room, and when he met the smile of the radiant little child he suddenly stopped. Then into the dog-like, weary eyes of the old man came bitter-sweet tears.

"Oh, picaninny, little angel!" he cried, and then he fell on his knees.

"Get up, you stupid old Adam!" commanded Mimi, running towards her friend and putting her arms round his neck.

"Oh, lilley missey, you makes ole Adam feel so good."

"Mind and throw that bunch of lilac when I leave the ring, Adam," continued the child. "And isn't my dress pretty—real spangles, Adam, and openwork stockings!"

"You bet, lilley missey, Adam's got a bunch ob lubley white lilac. He bought it all hisself. Will missey be too proud to come to him after all the shoutin' and clappin' an' gib him a kiss for true lub's sake?"

"I'll come to you, Adam; you may kiss me now, Adam."

And he kissed her.

When the time came for his little picaninny to appear he grew horribly nervous. He had been forbidden from going near the ring, but what cared he for all the orders in Christendom?

In the distance he could see Mimi mounting her little white steed; and then Beppo, the riding-master, sprang on his own brown horse, and, taking the long silken reins suspended from Floss's mouth, prepared to ride behind the excited child. The music was beginning to play an old plantation song, and Mimi, blowing kisses, rode in front of Beppo into the ring.

The old man's heart swelled at the round of applause that greeted her. Adoringly he watched the little figure in its diaphanous drapery, and he could have wept for joy when the first "turn" was successfully accomplished. Presently the time arrived when Signorina Dingo and Beppo were to jump through four gaily decorated hoops.

This part of the performance filled Adam with nervous apprehension; and he did not like the look of the great brown horse in the wake of the white pony. He crept forward into an opening of the ring, unheeding the blows and curses levelled at him. In his hand he held a great bunch of lilac, the perfume of which contrasted with the close, unpleasant air.

What a pretty waltz-tune they were playing, and that darling picaninny! how well she jumped! One ring was successfully accomplished—two rings—when she slipped and fell in front of Beppo's horse, just as his master was preparing to jump.

A shrill cry rang through the circus; the multitude turned their faces shudderingly aside, and women fainted. But, instead of a little child wending her way to the Kingdom of God, Jesus saw fit to call to Him an old, old man!

For Adam, seeing the terrible danger of his darling, had, with marvellous agility, bounded forward and rescued the child from beneath the trampling hoofs, receiving the death-wound that might have been the fate of his little picaninny.

And then, for the first time, and, alas! too late, they who had ever

used rough words to the old man spoke to him gently. 'Gently, too, they lifted him and laid him on a heap of old-sacking outside the stable of Floss. They did not heed the bunch of lilac.

He lay there moaning faintly, as the cool water was dashed across his face, and then he by-and-by opened his dim eyes.

"Picaninny," he sighed.

"Here, Adam!" cried the voice he loved so well; "here," and Mimi, in her white wings and white robe, came and knelt by his side.

"Not hurt nowhere, honey dear?"

"Nowhere, Adam."

"Ain't got no bunch of lilac, dearie."

The child hung tenderly above him. "Oh, Adam! are you very ill—does it hurt very much?"

"Don't cry, dear honey picaninny. Ole Adam, he used to pain. Ebber since he was a black boy-baby he not had much luck. But nebber mind, missey, all ober now."

"Are you going to die, Adam dear?"

"I tink so, picaninny; ole Adam, he no more good—ole 'orses, ole dogs, ole niggers, who wants 'em? Very weary, too, missey lub."

"Poor old Adam! Shall picaninny sing to him?"

The sufferer feebly nodded.

And then from among those squalid surroundings there arose the sound of a child's pure voice.

I do not think that Adam was aware of the hymn his darling was singing; he only knew that it was exceeding sweet, and that a burden seemed to be slipping away from his aching shoulders. The brave old mouth smiled quietly; he stretched forth his trembling hands, and two tears trickled from his dying eyes.

In the ecstasy of the moment he forgot even picaninny, forgot all save that he was no longer sore-distressed.

"Our Fader which art in 'ebbin'—is that right, picaninny? 'Our Fader,' the only Fader Adam ebber knowed. Dying ain't so bad, picaninny."

And Jesus knew it too, for surely Death was never kinder than to that poor, lonely old man. For He touched his eyes and gave him beauteous visions; He passed His hand down the aged form, and rest most exquisite stole into the aching limbs. "Come to me, O my servant!" whispered the kind-eyed God, and, with a sigh of perfect trust, Adam meekly folded his hands and went.

Ah! you weep, little picaninny, for the loyal friend who, like the Great Example, gave his life in exchange for yours. Surely you would not have him back, picaninny?—he suffered greatly. The world has no room for such as he. Go back to the ring and find his bunch of lilac; kiss him, dear, and say good-bye.

A FRIEND OF SCHOOLBOYS.*

The breeziness, the frank, unrestrained imagination of Mr. Max Pemberton's books, "The Iron Pirate" and "The Sea-Wolves," have made him beloved above all other contemporary writers among British schoolboys. And those of us who are willing, and fain, to keep young as long as possible, will read his latest romance, "The Impregnable City," with the keenest delight. How Irwin Trevena, the young doctor without a practice, came home from the theatre one evening and found a carriage at his door; how he was kidnapped abroad in a yacht of surpassing magnificence; how he fell in love with his fair patient, and narrowly escaped death for his susceptibility, and how everything came right in the end—as is fitting in all good "yarns"—all these, and many other wonderful things, are set forth in the terse, clear-cut English that Mr. Pemberton employs.

Under the conditions of modern life the impregnable is much the same thing as the impossible; but Mr. Pemberton contrives, by sheer simplicity of method, to give an air of reality to a Utopian colony situate upon an unknown island of the Pacific, that is quite irresistible. One of the most powerful chapters in the book is that which describes "The Valley of the Captives." The ruler of the Impregnable City was inexorably just and unbending—not from natural severity, but from motives of political economy. Irwin Trevena was taken among the prisoners. "I saw them," he says, "as the sun fell hot into the valley, lying in all attitudes; some prostrate or asleep; others that hugged their knees or squatted, beast-like, upon their hands; others, again, that paced the valley as caged brutes. . . . I saw the blind tottering upon the rocky floor; I saw human beings whose faces were nigh hidden with the growth of matted hair that fell upon their shoulders; I heard cries of despair and anger; I observed the wretched captives fighting among themselves, as though their burden were not already sore." This is gruesome enough, in all conscience, but it is as nothing compared with the slaughter when "the enemy" besiege the island. They are drowned in thousands, burned in hundreds, and for those who have managed to escape the primitive elements there remains a bottomless chasm. Now what more can any healthy-minded boy want than this?

WANTED WILLIE'S RESPECT.

FATHER: "Bobby, I thought I told you to divide that apple with your little sister?"

BOBBY: "Well, I wasn't going to have Willie Bryan think we had only one apple in the house."—*Judge.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Of the gods, some mortals, and Lord Wickenham, in John Oliver Hobbes's new and clever story (Henry), we know least, at the end, of the noble lord. We believe him to have been a sensible person, but are never allowed the chance of making his intimate acquaintance. The gods we are given abundant opportunity of watching and reviling, as they permit the highly unsuitable match between Simon Warre and Anne Delaware to take place and to develop its natural consequences. And in the mortals—if we except Lord Wickenham, presumably of their race—we take a warm interest. At the same time, I think, the greatest interest centres in a mortal outside the story—in John Oliver Hobbes herself. None of her characters rival her. We admire her manipulation of her personages more than we do their actions when manipulated. This is generally reputed to be a fault in a novelist, but quite mistakenly, when the outsider justifies intrusion by entertaining us. Warre is a subtly drawn picture of the gentle-natured man who can fight circumstances stoutly enough by honourable weapons and in humane warfare, but who will always give in if only coarse and cruel methods avail. Anne Delaware, the woman villain, I hardly realise. Luckily I have never met her in life; and, out of it, she seems made from too many different materials to be comprehensible to a simple mind. But I am interested in the writer's observations of humanity as exemplified both in her tolerant and in her severe judgments of the villain Anne.

John Oliver Hobbes is trying her hand at a very difficult and a very interesting game, and, whether she succeeds completely or not, the attempt is worth making. She is, *au fond*, a serious person, eminently intellectual, possibly an idealist, irresistibly—some say perversely—attracted by a frivolous and cynical society, determined to pluck the moral and the philosophy out of the frivolity without undue moralising or philosophising. She wishes to fascinate us with the glamour of rank and luxury, and brilliance and smartness, and to make us feel, at the same time, the still, deep waters running all the while beneath. I don't think she has ever yet done what she has meant to do; but, besides acknowledging her unusual cleverness, her verve, and her individual style, it is a pleasure to recognise the interest and the value of her difficult attempt. It would be so easy for her to play the mere satirist, but her intentions and ambitions look elsewhere.

The whole question of prefaces wants looking into and thinking over. That we don't err more than our scribbling forefathers did on the point hardly settles the matter. We err a great deal more than our immediate predecessors, and we err in a particularly irritating way. It is sometimes allowable—it may be, in a few cases, advisable—for a story- or play-writer to write his own preface: such prefaces are, on the whole, the least objectionable, always provided there be some real apology, or real defiance, or real explanation, to be offered. But an author's own preface has too often a very unhappy effect.

The one in my mind is Mr. Todhunter's introduction to his play, "The Black Cat," produced about two years ago at the Independent Theatre, and now published by Messrs. Henry. I think the play will be judged much less tolerantly if the preface be read. Yet it is a modest preface, modest in intention, yet producing exactly the opposite effect on a not over-careful reader. He disclaims the idea of having intended to produce "literature." "What I have been trying to do is simply to write a good play," he says; and then he proceeds to give a lengthy, and not very novel, disquisition on what a good play is—or rather, what it may be—and on the freedom from old conventions allowed to the modern playwright. "The Black Cat," he thinks, "merely accentuates a growing tendency in the plays of the period to get more of the stuff of life, our everyday human life, typically upon the stage, with less of the traditional theatrical, academic element." Then follow serious remarks about the functions of dialogue, the meaning of realism, the "well-made play" fallacy, the value and abuse of construction, and so on. All these remarks are perfectly modest in intention; but we cannot avoid taking as their illustration—"The Black Cat."

For Ibsen, Sudermann, or Hauptmann, the commentary would not be too heavy, though it might, at this date, be unnecessary. But "The Black Cat" is of too light weight to support it. True, it is much more interesting than the average play; but the "stuff of life" is not in it: the "stuff of life" is in very few books or plays. It owes its existence not to a man's irrepressible utterance of life as it strikes him, but to his catching the prevailing epidemic of interest in social and domestic problems. Mr. Todhunter's lyrics, and much of his other work that he has never theorised over, contain more of the "stuff of life."

A good deal is done nowadays in printing and publishing plays that have had a vogue on the London stage, or that have even had only a *succès d'estime*, like the present one. Few of them pretend to be literature; fewer still have any right to the name. Would it not be wiser to print them in a modest pamphlet edition for the use of play-goers, dramatic critics, and managers? Then they would not lay themselves open to the carping of the literary critic, to whom they make no direct appeal; and they would not be tempted to take themselves so terribly seriously, running the risk of sometimes unjust mockery. The terrible solemnity of the lesser literature of the day is not necessarily mere conceit: it is only the English conscience turned on æsthetic matters. It is amusing; but it has its annoying side, for it brings the ridicule of the indiscriminating on really serious artistic problems that do exist and call for solution. At least, when a man has written a book or play, why can't he leave it, without palaver, to sink or swim?—O. O.

* "The Impregnable City." By Max Pemberton. London: Cassell and Co.

THE RANELAGH CLUB, BARN ELMS.

Photographs by Russell, Baker Street, W.

There seems to be a sort of irony connected with certain buildings and institutions. Not many years ago an establishment situated close to Leicester Square, and said to be the headquarters of a society having for its object the protection and betterment of old and middle-aged women, changed hands, and became transformed into a nocturnal resort of the young and dissipated. A few years previously a place of amusement

period. As for persons endowed with rank and fortune, the pessimistic essayist could barely trust himself to speak about them as a class, though he liked, here and there, an individual belonging to that class. He considered the Kit-Cat Club to be the headquarters of all persons interested in pursuits artistic or literary; in short, he looked upon it as a Fleet Street or a Covent Garden coffee-house of a greatly improved kind. That sport—mere sport, the common amusement of the aristocrat and the *flâneur*, would some day flourish within, to use his own phrase, "that hallowed sanctuary," he, fortunately for his peace of mind, never so much as dreamed. Such was the leading director of the first club established



THE CLUB-HOUSE.

standing in Leicester Place had been built up into a church that remains there to this day, and, at about the same time, a sacred edifice in a different neighbourhood was being converted into a soda-water manufactory. These changes at first thought seem to us incongruous. It is hard, therefore, to imagine what the stately Mr. Addison would think if he could now come to life and gaze once more upon his beloved Barn Elms. What would he say upon beholding the transformation that has taken place there since the days when he and Steele and Tonson and the other members of that famous literary coterie used to sit within the walls of Barn Elms, then better known as the Kit-Cat Club, discussing topics for the next day's *Tatler* or *Spectator*, filling up the cups which poor Addison loved so



THE ENTRANCE HALL.

at Barn Elms—a club which flourished about the beginning of the last century.

Yet the present mansion, from which the property takes its name, does not in appearance greatly differ from the house of Addison's day. The larger part of the building is, of course, the original house, but additions have from time to time been made to it. The avenue of lofty beech-trees, however, leading from one of the entrances up to the house is almost the same as of yore. As for historical reminiscences connected with Barn Elms, they date back to an age comparatively remote. We are told, among other points of interest, that Sir Francis Walsingham entertained Queen Elizabeth there, and that at Barn Elms he himself died. His death occurred in 1590. Again, it is said that Heydegger,



THE STAIRCASE.

unwisely, and making general arrangements for the management of the club and the comfort of its members? For the mere thought of the use to which the place is now put should make the old man, provided his soul still retains the mistaken views and principles to which he adhered through life, writhe again in his grave and cry aloud for vengeance. He hated every form of sport, as we know. He looked down with inward and tolerant scorn upon the country squire of his day, and upon all men fond of sport—for which reason, probably, he created Sir Roger de Coverley, well knowing that the character, though he spoke so kindly about it, would by many people be sneered at as a typical squire of the



THE YELLOW DINING-ROOM.

Master of the Revels to George I., lived there with his royal master; and it is known that before Tonson settled to take the place, the house was for many years occupied by Sir Richard Hoare. Another famous man who slept beneath its roof was Cowley. In short, as a place of general historical interest, Barn Elms, perhaps, stands unrivalled among similar country mansions and properties situated within so few miles of the heart of London. The only cause for surprise lies in the fact that no American has as yet been fired with a sufficient amount of his national enthusiasm to induce him to try to convey the building and its accessories across the ocean and set it up in his own country.

The Ranelagh Club, a modern institution if compared with Hurlingham, but not less attractive for that or any other reason, was first opened at Fulham, and it was not until some ten years ago that it moved into Barn Elms. Since then it has practically died and been revived, but revived so thoroughly that at present, owing to the excellent management of the committee, whose president is the Earl of Dudley, and the energy of the secretary, Mr. T. Dale, assisted by Colonel Dowling, the Ranelagh Club is in a very flourishing condition, and seems likely to



THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

remain so. Altogether, the property covers about a hundred acres, of which twelve acres are laid out for the polo-ground, and another twelve acres are being laid down for a second polo-ground. Upon the whole, the place is prettier than Hurlingham, owing partly to the fact that here there is no pigeon-shooting enclosure, and partly to the picturesque aspect presented by the house itself. A narrow, quaintly shaped, semi-artificial lake, spanned by a wooden bridge, cuts off one part of the property, and the ice carnival that took place upon this lake last winter proved a complete success. Many members of Hurlingham now likewise belong to Ranelagh, and many of the polo-players who play at the one club play also at the other. The total number of members of the Ranelagh Club is over a thousand, and many candidates are awaiting admission. The rules, though fewer in number than the Hurlingham rules, are drawn up with equal care, and are fully as strict, if not stricter. No person not received in general society may be admitted as either a member or a visitor. "The name of every member failing to pay his annual subscription, due on the 1st of May," runs rule twelve, "shall be posted on the 1st of June following, and, if the subscription be not paid on or before the 1st of July, the defaulter shall cease to be a member of the club, and his name shall be erased from the books accordingly," though "the committee may reinstate a member on satisfactory grounds being shown for the failure of payment due." According to the nineteenth rule, "The Committee (at a meeting at which not less than ten are present) shall have absolute power to expel any member or honorary member, without assigning any reason for their so doing, and no appeal whatever shall lie from their determination, nor shall any such member have any claim or remedy whatever against the club or the committee. The committee may, nevertheless, reconsider their determination upon being required so to do by requisition, signed by not less than twenty members." These are not merely normal regulations; they are rules, and, as such, they are strictly enforced. No shooting-matches take place, but on June 5 the first show of the Polo Pony Stud-Book Society will be held there. The racecourse, in the form of an oval, for pony races, completely surrounds the polo-ground. There is a sort of friendly rivalry between Ranelagh and Hurlingham, but, of course, no shadow of ill-feeling exists.

There are six well-kept tennis-courts, and the lawn, where clay-pigeon shooting matches were held formerly, is now laid out for croquet, a game that annually tries to recover its long-lost popularity, but has not yet succeeded in doing so. Golf, however, has very many warm supporters among the members of Ranelagh, and it is played there more or less all the year round. For inland links, the links are extremely good. In nearly all other respects, Ranelagh and Hurlingham strongly resemble each other. The games played at both clubs are similar, though the Ranelagh Committee do not intend to introduce football; and the object of the existence of the two clubs is likewise the same. Ladies are admitted as visitors by members' vouchers, other visitors by vouchers to which payment must be added. The payment varies from half-a-crown to ten shillings. The club remains open all the year round, but is most largely patronised during the London season, or upon special occasions, such as Boat-race day, an excellent view of the race being obtainable from the grounds. Putney Bridge and Hammersmith are the nearest railway stations, each being within an easy walk. The drive, by hansom, from Piccadilly Circus, takes about half an hour.

B. T.

HERR STAVENHAGEN.

After an interval of some three years, except for a flying visit, Herr Stavenhagen is again among us, and the young pianist, on whom the mantle of his great master, Liszt, has fallen so amply, has already delighted the patrons of the Philharmonic Concerts; yet, almost before these lines can appear, he will have left us again, for he is merely *en route* from America to his charming summer home in Weimar. There he carries on, with the aid of his talented wife, Frau Stavenhagen, the work begun by the Abbé, and each summer he teaches and entertains a number of pupils, merely for the love of music and the advancement of his art, aided by his devotion to the memory of his late master. Had he not heard Liszt play, and, by the influence of Bülow and Friedheim, been introduced to him, the musical world would to-day have been the poorer, for there would have been no Stavenhagen, except, perhaps, as a composer. For, when he was twenty, he was still a hard-working student, playing at intervals, but never meeting with any marked success, so he had determined to abandon playing, and devote himself entirely to composition. But, to use his own words, "a happy chance brought me into contact with Liszt," and, from that time until his death, he remained his pupil. The elder man took the younger, made him his constant companion, gave him his musical start, and woke the soul in him, and such was Herr Stavenhagen's intuitive power that he quickly grasped the experience of the great virtuoso, and made it his own. Curiously enough, Herr Stavenhagen had never studied Liszt's music until he was nineteen, because he neither liked nor understood it; yet now he stands alone as an interpreter of that master, and it was his playing of the Rhapsodie in C that at once won him his English laurels, and placed him on the pedestal he still occupies, for with every touch he brings out the true poetry and spirit of the music. His reputation is now world-wide, and some of his greatest successes have been scored in the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig. In 1890 he was made Court Pianist to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. He is a native of the little German Principality of Reuss, and began his musical studies in Greiz with the town organist, Herr Urban. When he was twelve, he went to study under Kullak in Berlin, and, after one year, decided to enter the Hochschule. Three years later, he placed himself under Professor Rudorff, who, he says, is "the finest master in Germany"; and he also studied theory and composition under Professor Keil, and, when only eighteen, won the Mendelssohn Prize.

Madame Stavenhagen, who invariably accompanies her husband on his travels, and assists him at his recitals, is a Hanoverian (*née* Denis), and was trained as a singer of *Lieder* by Frau Schultze-Asten, of Berlin;



THE STAVENHAGENS.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

but, on finding that her voice was "of operatic dimensions," she studied under Frau Jachmann Wagner, a niece of the composer. She made her début at the Court Theatre in Weimar as Gretchen, in "Faust," and was immediately engaged as *prima donna* for four years, an engagement which was again renewed for three more years.



MISS MAUDE HILL IN "THE SHOP GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

*"There never was a tale of a romancer
That told of such a fairy as a dancer."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The British public, or that section of it resident in London, has certainly had enough of the Faust legend lately. On one night recently "Mefistofele" reigned at Covent Garden, "Faust" at Drury Lane, and, though the "Faust" tableaux had disappeared from the Alhambra, the ballet at the Empire gave the full story—of course, the Gounod adaptation—of the first part of Goethe's version of the old legend. It is rather a pity that "Faust" means nothing to us but Goethe's first part, even after Marlowe's magnificent "Dr. Faustus." Could not some enterprising author or composer recur to some older version of the story?

One would not, perhaps, revive the Protestant horse-play of the legends preserved in what Marlowe's contemporaries doubtless considered as the "comic relief" of his terrible play. It would never do to present the hero and his diabolical familiar as playing practical jokes on Pope and Cardinals, especially after the English nation has just received such an exceedingly nice letter from Leo XIII. Besides, the English Church Association might protest against depicting the Devil as the enemy of the Pope; it being well known that the Scarlet Woman, the Dragon, and the Beast are on the best of terms.

But the part of the story that relates to Faust's calling up Helen of Troy and making her his consort, is well worth keeping. It enables Mephistopheles to appear in both of his diabolical capacities—as the representative of classical paganism no less than as the chief of mediæval witchcraft. If the devil was the black goat of the Brocken, he was also a sort of compound of Pan and Pluto, ruling the old gods of Olympus, *vice* Jupiter disappeared. For, though Venus, Diana, Apollo, Bacchus, and one or two more, figure in mediæval legends as demons, Jupiter is not heard of. To allow of his continued existence would have been to create too powerful a rival to Christianity.

It is a pity that someone could not revive the Faust legend as turned into a ballet scheme by no less a person than Heinrich Heine. Difficult as some of his suggested "effects" might be, a modification of them might allow us to keep the best points; and we should certainly have an entirely new reading of the story. To begin with, Dr. Faust, in his study, is practising magic arts. He draws his pentagram and reads (in dumb show) his spells, conjuring up the devil in his most dangerous form. A fire-breathing tiger, a horrible snake, are rejected as altogether too tame; and, finally, the demon appears as a conventional ballet-girl—or rather, *prima ballerina*—Signorina Mephistophela. The assent of Faust to the fatal compact is secured by showing him a lovely woman—not Gretchen—in a magic mirror. In the next scene he recognises his charmer as the duchess of a doddering duke, and, discovering by her golden shoe that she is a witch, makes an appointment on the Brocken for the next Witches' Sabbath. The wild festival follows, Mephistophela bringing Faust and his duchess together.

Then would come the contrast. Tired of the wild and incongruous revelry of the witches, Faust commands Mephistophela to take him back to the calm and ordered beauty of classical legend. Accordingly, on a magic island in a southern sea, Helen of Troy, lingering there in a charmed existence with attendant nymphs, is startled by the advent of Faust and his attendant *écuyère*, Mephistophela, on their winged horses. The barbarians are soon Hellenised, and the demon becomes a Bacchante to delight the Doctor and his Helen with the traditional dances. But, alas! the jealous witch-duchess has followed her faithless lover on a monstrous bat. At the touch of her magic wand the temple falls to ruins, Helen and the nymphs are turned to phantoms of the dead, and the magic island sinks into the sea, while Faust, after slaying the duchess, escapes on his magic horse.

Last in Heine's scheme comes the catastrophe. Faust appears as a travelling quack at a German Kermesse. The hearty, homely merriment of the people takes his fancy. He will settle down among his own folk, wed the Burgomaster's fair daughter, and be a solid, respectable burgher, like Shakspeare retired to Stratford-on-Avon. It is too late; as the bridal-procession advances to the church, Mephistophela produces the signed agreement—like a modern music-hall agent—and bars the way. A terrible storm comes on, the burghers take refuge in the church, and Faust, left alone among the demons, is dragged down through the ground, with the traditional blue fire.

All this is far more simple and straightforward, and, at the same time, more moral than the Goethe edition of the legend, though it has not so much dramatic intensity and pathos. Thus it is far better fitted for pantomime and ballet.

MARMITON.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—II.

GALLERY IX.

In our notice last week of the Royal Academy we paused upon the threshold of the ninth room, which, in Mr. Sargent's little portrait of Mr. Coventry Patmore (737) contains, perhaps, the finest canvas of the exhibition. It is not so deliberate or so stately as the portrait of the same gentleman that hangs in the third gallery, but, as work, it is even finer than that portrait. He has captured and caged an expression in this little picture which has in it something almost unearthly. The same painter's "Mrs. Russell Cooke" (647) is a distinct disappointment. Mr. Eyre Crowe's elaborately titled picture, "Thomas Carlyle looking at the Duke of Buccleuch's Miniatures of Cromwell, his Wife, and his Daughter," has a good deal of literary interest and is a clever likeness. Mr. William Weekes's "Quis? Ego!" has a certain piquant flavour of character in its innocent motive; and Miss Clara Montalba's "Salt-boats, Venice," has passages of beautiful colour, if the drawing and the composition are a trifle weak.

GALLERY X.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's "Echo and Narcissus" (770) is an exercise in that painter's less interesting manner, although it possesses all his peculiar quality of frankness and strength in the mere figure-drawing. Mr. W. Dendy Sadler's "An Offer of Marriage" (776), which is distinguished by the motto—

A son's a son till he gets a wife;
But a daughter's a daughter all the days of her life,

in spite of a certain tightness in the painting, has a humour which it would be churlish to deny to this artist. Mr. Walter Langley and Mr. Frederick D. Waleyn have both chosen the somewhat sickly title "Motherless" for their pictures (798 and 775). Mr. Langley's version possesses some distinction, if only for the manner in which he handles his brush. Mr. Henry S. Tuke's "The Swimmers' Pool" (812) is part disappointment, part pleasure: the sunlight is certainly realised with singular completeness, but the composition is irregular, and the water is quite unconvincing. It is a picture of bright, brilliant passages.

GALLERY XI.

Mr. J. MacWhirter's "Beauty and the Beast" (833), a representation of the old, gnarled, half-dead tree decaying near a young silver-birch (we believe it is birch), is, if nothing else, a triumph of ingenious nomenclature. Mr. S. Melton Fisher's "Vanity Fair" (844) is chiefly disappointing because its subject is so ineffably dowdy. You admire his painting of the ribbons and what-not in a semi-West-End (the phrase may be allowed) milliner's shop; but you cannot forgive the preliminary fact that such things are presented before you as art at all. Mr. E. Matthew Hale's "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" (846) rather presumes upon one by reason of its subject. The boys are in the act of blowing the call which is to bring back the broken regiment; they are certainly not the disreputable little blackguards of the story, but the placing and the whole landscape are distinctly clever. We rather resent the cherubic children, but Mr. Hale has managed to get a good deal out of his scene. Mr. John R. Reid's "The Blind Fiddler" (862) is spoiled by its persistent and blatant electric-green. Mr. Reid is a clever artist, with a sense of landscape and a rather powerful method. But if he will play such pranks with colour as this, he cannot expect that we shall take him seriously. Lady Butler's "Dawn at Waterloo" (853), a painting which represents the moment of the "Reveille"—please pronounce it "revally"—in the bivouac of the Scots Greys on the morning of the battle, is another picture, like Mr. Hale's, which takes an advantage of the spectator by the mere reason of its subject. But Lady Butler can draw powerfully as well. The attitudes of her sleeping soldiers are finely realised, and there are passages of excellent drama in the picture. It is unfortunate that its colour is so poor and its atmosphere so harsh and unsympathetic. Mr. G. Sherwood Hunter's "The Jews' Wailing Place, Jerusalem, 1894" (863), has certain merits in its drawing and composition, and Mr. Caton Woodville's "Charge of the Light Brigade" (869) strongly arrests the attention, if it does nothing else. Mr. Samuel E. Waller's "Ordered to the Front, 1815" (875) is in that painter's best well-known popular manner, and Mr. Harold Piffard's "The Last of the Garrison" (881) confesses to a somewhat tender humour.

WATER-COLOUR ROOM.

We have left ourselves but small space for the water-colours, which, indeed, are not of any engrossing interest this year. Mrs. Jopling's Alfred Lys Baldry, Esq." (914), is a marked improvement upon that clever artist's former portraiture, and Mr. Frederick Goodall's "Spinners and Weavers" (926) is, at all events, attractive. Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "In the Square" (978) and Miss Henriette Corkran's "A Siren" (985) deserve to be picked out among so much that is rather tiresome. Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., cannot fail in cleverness, but there is an additional quality of beauty in his "Bound for the Rio Grande" (1020); and Mr. A. Wallace Rimington's "The Porch of St. Anastasia, Verona," has a curious artistic distinction of its own. We cannot conscientiously, for the rest, declare the miniatures to be particularly brilliant, and the sculpture is important enough for separate treatment.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



"BON JOUR!"—TENNYSON COLE.

EXHIBITED AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

ART NOTES.

We return to a little further examination of the New Gallery, of which we gave some preliminary notice the week before last. The first thing that strikes any visitor who attends the gallery upon a day in which the sun happens to be shining in our English skies is the eccentric effect of the lighting in the South Room. Any time after noon, for example, the greater part of the east wall in this room is practically debarred from the critic, as though the pictures were not hung there. We gathered, for example, that Mr. A. D. Peppercorn's "On the Devonshire Coast, near Dartmouth" (12), was a fine impressionary seascape. The sky, however, was inexplicable. A band of dark grey stretched across the upper part of the canvas, to a depth of about four inches; beneath, all was clear and natural. The eccentricity was so remarkable that we examined and re-examined the arrangement of colour, until we discovered that the darker band of grey which was so puzzlingly ugly was nothing more than the shadow of the frame cast by the sun in a real sky.

This is distinctly unfortunate. We are convinced that the casual gallery visitor would have passed by this picture, and all the other pictures in the vicinity, with some superior sense of scorn; for the shadows (which are real) change the painting in a manner so peculiarly realistic that it requires some anxious and careful examination to



MISS KITTY JOLLIE.—SAM G. ENDERBY.

discover that these real shadows are nothing and will pass. To proceed: Mr. S. Melton Fisher's portrait of "Ruth, daughter of Carmichael Thomas, Esq." (29), is distinguished by its beautiful colour and the breadth of its painting. Mr. Fisher's brush-work is really so admirable that we incline to entreat him to cease from such subjects and to give himself rather to the art of distinguished portraiture.

In this same South Room hangs Mr. Herbert Schmalz's "Her First Offering" (46), a work literally of no importance. It is sugary, if you please, and sweet with the sweetness of sugar; but, like sugar, it is



THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.—THADDEUS.

Reproduced by permission of H.R.H. the Duchess of York. Exhibited by Messrs. Weedon and Co., Old Bond Street, W.

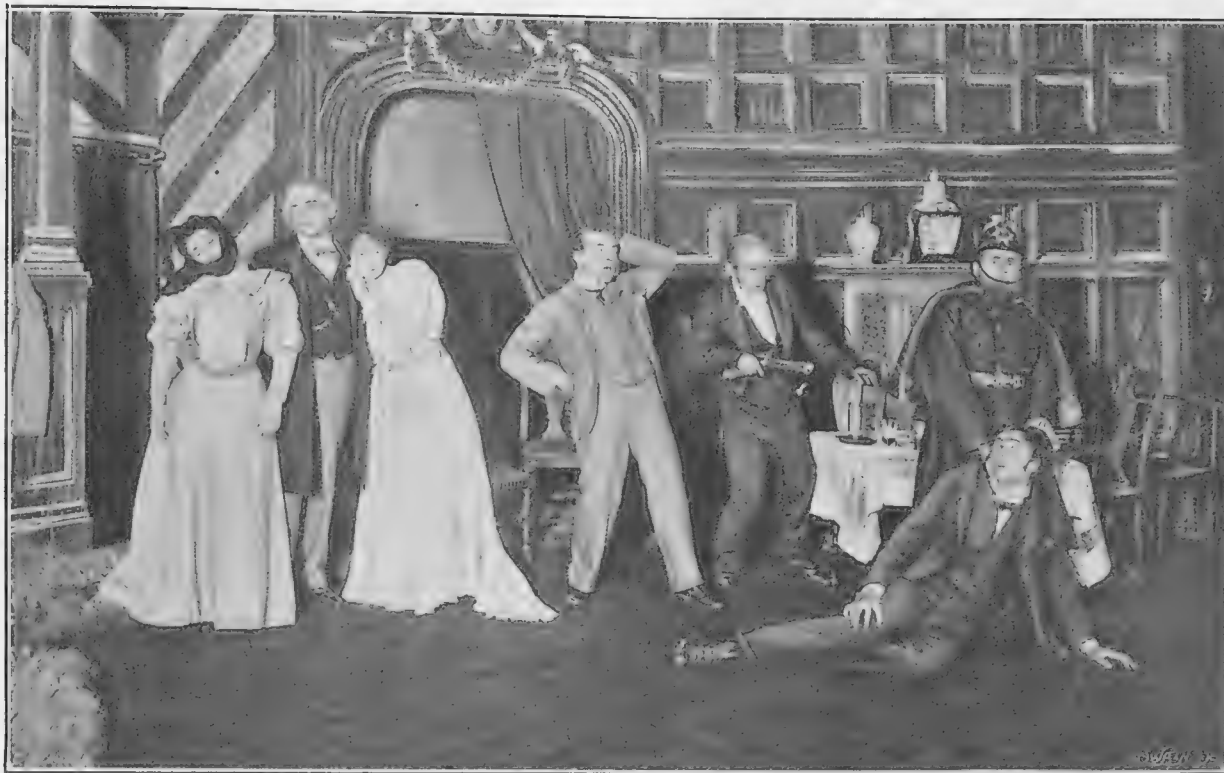
singularly cloying. In the North Room, where hangs Sargent's portrait of Miss Rehan, also hang two pictures by Mr. T. C. Gotch, which merit some attention and some admiration. "A Blossom" (206), a very frail portrait of a small child, standing, and scarcely seeming to exist, certainly fulfils the title—if that goes for anything—which the painter has given to his work. It is beautiful, certainly; but it is, perhaps, too evanescent, too casual, too little solid for any serious admiration. The same painter's "The Child in the World" (207), an allegory, is a finely conceived and finely wrought work. Personally, we find Mr. Gotch's treatment of blue somewhat distressing. Be that as it may, we are quite aware that he has distinguished precedent for his use of that colour in this particular way; so that we content ourselves with this personal grumble. Mr. H. La Thangue's "In a Cottage, Nightfall" (262), is a picture which shows much cleverness.

If Miss Lisa Stillman only possessed the power to draw as well, say, as another lady artist, Lady Butler, she would be able to lay claim to a very pretty accomplishment in art. She has the true sentiment, a gentle sense of tender colour, and thoughtfulness of composition. If only her drawing were better! One is led to these remarks by her "Valentine and Philip Leigh Smith" (278), which hangs in the balcony. Almost precisely the same observations apply to Mrs. Stillman, whose "Persephone Umbra" is full of artistic quality, of artistic character.

The sculpture at the New Gallery is not this year particularly interesting. The spring has brought waggons-full of Stevenson busts, and Mr. A. Hutchinson's "The Late Robert Louis Stevenson" (410) is neither better nor worse than the rest. It certainly has a likeness; but, then, they all have a likeness. Signor Lucchesi's "Portrait Statuette" of Mr. W. S. Gilbert (413) is quite an interesting exercise in character, and is distinguished, too, by a certain satisfactory handling of surfaces which is lacking in the large majority of "portrait statuettes" in this manner. Mr. Everard Stourton's "His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan" (429), a head in bronze, is a work of unequal merit. As a likeness the profile is admirable; the full face is quite the reverse.

"FANNY," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



BARNES: "They've got the wrong man."

"Fanny," the farce by Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Cecil Raleigh, was produced at the Strand Theatre on April 15 with the following cast—

| | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Captain Gerald O'Brien | MR. JOHN L. SHINE. |
| Professor Barnabas Bixley | MR. WILLIAM H. DAY. |
| Kellaway | MR. OWEN HARRIS. |
| Saunders | MR. T. P. HAYNES. |
| Harold Gregory | MR. OSMOND SHILLINGFORD. |
| Bob Tapping | MR. GEORGE BLACKMORE. |
| George | MR. J. MAHONEY. |

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| Joseph Barnes | MR. ROBB HARWOOD. |
| Flo Barnes | MISS LYDIA COWELL. |
| Grace Dormer | MISS MAY WHITTY. |
| Paquita O'Brien | MISS ALMA STANLEY. |

One or two changes have since taken place in the cast, Miss Kate Lee taking the part of Flo Barnes; while Miss Alma Stanley has been replaced by Mrs. Cecil Raleigh (Miss Isabel Ellison), who, by the way, took up Miss Stanley's part during the last weeks of "The Derby Winner."



CAPTAIN O'BRIEN (MR. J. L. SHINE).



FLO BARNES, FANNY'S SISTER (MISS KATE LEE).



GRACE DORMER (MISS MAY WHITTY), AND PROFESSOR BIXLEY (MR. W. H. DAY).

"At last! I can call you Barnabas now."



FLO BARNES AND THE CAPTAIN.

"If Paquita wasn't about, I'm consated I could arrange this matter without any money at all."



THE CAPTAIN AND THE PROFESSOR.

THE CAPTAIN: *"My poor friend! my heart bleeds for you."*



THE CAPTAIN, MRS. O'BRIEN (MISS ALMA STANLEY), AND THE PROFESSOR.

THE CAPTAIN: *"Oh, yes, Fanny's dead! I'll tell him the truth afterwards."*



THE CAPTAIN AND HIS WIFE.

*"My Gerald! And you did all this for your friend?
Come to my heart! Kiss me! I forgive you."*



THE PROFESSOR AND THE CAPTAIN.

"Four drops of chloral—I'll give him fourteen!"



THE PROFESSOR, THE CAPTAIN, AND MRS. O'BRIEN.

THE CAPTAIN: *"Where's the lunch? You've ordered it, of course!"*



MRS. O'BRIEN, GRACE, AND FLO.

"I know you, you fraud—with twins!"



SAUNDERS (MR. T. P. HAYNES), JOSEPH BARNES (MR. ROBB HARWOOD),
AND FLO.

"Give us a drink. I'm parched!"



KELLAWAY (MR. OWEN HARRIS), AND SAUNDERS.

"'Ere's wishin' 'im well-over 'is marriage."



KELLAWAY, SAUNDERS, AND BARNES.

SAUNDERS: *"And when you do shoot, shoot straight."*



THE CAPTAIN, BIXLEY, BARNES, GRACE, AND FLO.

BARNES: *"You've got to get me out of this in an hour,
or I'll tell everyone here who Fanny is."*

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

EVOLUTION IN A NUTSHELL.*

The author of "The Story of Creation" has condensed that concise exposition into a little volume of less than two hundred pages. Within these limits Mr. Clodd has contrived to unfold the theory of evolution with a lucidity which fills me with admiring wonder. The narrative moves with so much ease and charm, the illustrations are so simple and apposite, that the least scientific mind can grasp the subject with facility. Primers, as a rule, are dry. They have the air of a schoolmaster who says, "I am compelled to reduce myself to elementary expression, in order to assist the steps of your toddling intelligence; and I hope you appreciate my condescension." Mr. Clodd has not constructed his Primer as if he were dragging the infantine reader over geological strata in a go-cart. The style is rather that of the genial professor, who discourses upon the universe over an excellent cigar, and is not above introducing a little sly humour into the doctrine of sexual selection. "Every farmyard combat," says Mr. Clodd, "illustrates the truth of Schiller's poetry—

Meanwhile, until Philosophy
Sustains the structure of the world,
Her workings will be carried on
By hunger and by love;

and among the larger animals—as stags and deer, and notably sea-lions—the deadliest combats take place at certain seasons for possession of the females. But there is competition less fierce in character, if not less fatal to the weaker or unendowed, when strength gives place to grace of form, brightness of colour, and witchery of song, and the females make choice of the male who by his beauty, colour, odour, or voice, attracts them most, or who, as among the highest species, has wealth or good social position." Here the professor pauses, applies himself, it may be, to the liquid refreshment standing opportunely at his elbow, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, adds, "These last condone even infirmity and ugliness." Again, when describing the extinct creatures of colossal size which illustrate the prodigality of Nature in her earliest operations, Mr. Clodd cites an animal of such bulk that it needed two sets of brains, one in the skull and the other to regulate its haunches. The professor does not explicitly remark, though I can see it in that twinkling orb, that there are creatures to-day whose brain-power, though nominally lodged in the skull, is devoted to the haunches in the absorbing pursuit of athletic sports.

Mr. Clodd's main thesis is, of course, the common origin of all forms of life on this planet. The most fascinating pages are devoted to plants, and their infinite likeness to the animal world. Plants have a digestive process, an intense nervous sensitiveness, even a rudimentary consciousness. As I read Mr. Clodd I become persuaded that the unassuming leek teaches humility to its rather uppish neighbours, and that a controversy rages among roots as to the respective claims of a scientific and a classical education. In the vital processes of plants, "in the higher range of sensation which they manifest, as compared to some animals; in their choice of food and of the material of covering which some of them secrete; in their general sensitiveness to external influences, even in the diseases which attack them—we have the rudiments of attributes and powers which reach their full development in the higher animals, and, therefore, a series of fundamental correspondences between plant and animal which point to the merging of their apparent differences in one community of origin." When man boasts his supremacy in the universe, it is a wholesome reflection that the humblest plant is his equal in the most delicate operations of the mysterious principle of life. "For the plant possesses the power of weaving the visible out of the invisible, of converting the lifeless into the living. This it does by virtue of the green colouring matter called chlorophyll." In this fluid, indeed, we see the true *elixir vite*, which makes the plant "the origin of all the energy possessed by living things." So, as I contemplate the opportune refreshment at the professor's elbow, I perceive that, although green, it is not Chartreuse,

and that, as he sips it ever and anon, a peculiar brightness kindles in his eye and an infectious vitality breathes from his speech. Why cannot we all have chlorophyll distilled into a liqueur, a nectar such as the gods never knew, an *apéritif* far more invigorating than any bitters? Well, I bow submissively to the plant, which, among its minor exploits, enables me to write this article. It teaches a profound moral lesson. "The primary function," says Mr. Clodd, "for which the organs of plants known as flowers exist is not that which man has long assumed. He once thought that the earth was the centre of the universe, until astronomy dispelled the illusion, and there yet lingers in him an old Adam of conceit—that everything on the earth has, for its sole end and aim, his advantage and service. Evolution will dispel that illusion. But our delight in the colours and perfumes of flowers will not be lessened, while wonder will have larger field for play, in learning that the coloured leaves known as flowers, together with their scent and honey, have been developed in furtherance of Nature's supreme

aim—the perpetuation of species." Think of that, you old Adams, who heedlessly purchase bouquets at Covent Garden for the worship of woman! How has she learned those attractions of colour, of dainty adornment, which appeal to your masculine sensibility? Why, the simplest daisy of the field laughs at you and her! From the flowering plant, which puts out its choicest buds to lure the desirable insect bearing fertilising pollen on his wings, and marshals sentinel-prickles to keep off the insect which is undesirable, because useless—from the flowers woman inherits those charms which please your conceited eye! Whether she is equally well equipped with the prickles is a point on which the professor, cautious man, declines to commit himself.

On the vexed question whether the human intellect is a separate and distinct endowment, for which evolution makes no provision, Mr. Clodd has no uncertain views. He is an evolutionist, whose motto is "Thorough." He can see no gap in the entire development of man from the common origin of living matter. "Vast as are the differences between the highest and lowest mental actions, there is no break in the series, which advances along the line of animal instinct and intelligence, and ends with the complex movements of the brain of civilised man, with its infinite modes of response to infinite stimuli." Differences of faculty between man and the highest animals are of degree, not of kind. It is the struggle for existence

which has created the needs of human society; it is the needs which have developed our highest powers; it is the natural law of social relations which has shaped the moral arbiter of conscience. "The moral code advances with civilisation; conscience is a growth." Mr. Clodd claims for science the highest honours of this progress, because science is "a preacher of righteousness in making clear the indissoluble unity between all life, past, present, and to come. . . . We are what our forefathers made us, plus the action of circumstances on ourselves, and in like manner our children inherit the good and evil both of body and mind that is in us." Upon us, therefore, rests the duty of the cultivation of the best. That religion is among the legitimate "stimuli" to this duty, Mr. Clodd seems indisposed to allow, because "the moral code is weakened in the degree that it is bound up with dogmas the truth of which may be disproved." There is another problem in the reflection that, if our normal state be that of conflict, any definite approach to the brotherhood of man, the federation of the world, is in direct opposition to the central law of evolution. If science and charity between them reduce the waste of life caused by wars, pestilences, and famines, and if we really come to love our neighbours as ourselves, will the faculties shaped and sharpened by struggle and the survival of the fittest decline? When reviewers cease to cut up authors, will literature expire? On this point, Mr. Clodd, at all events, can have no personal misgiving; for, while our genial professor sits tripping his chlorophyll, and expounding the wonders of Nature in seductive accents, the fiercest critic is subdued to amicable envy.



MR. EDWARD CLODD.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

* "A Primer of Evolution." By Edward Clodd. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

FIJI AND ITS GOVERNOR.

The sudden and remarkable transformation in national life and manners which has caused Japan to cast aside its traditional inertness and conventionalism, and assume a high place among the leading Powers of the East, has been paralleled, in a minor degree, in Fiji, where the cannibalistic propensities of a past generation have become replaced by tastes and habits more in harmony with the principles of modern civilisation, although traces of the old savage times yet linger in the more secluded portions of the Fijian archipelago; for Fiji is not a single island, but a group of about one hundred and fifty, of which about eighty are

inhabited, many of the others being mere rocks. Suva, the seat of Government, is on Na Viti Levu (Great Fiji), the largest of the islands, embracing an area of about eighty-seven miles in length by fifty-four in breadth. Levuka, the former capital, is on Ovalau, one of the smaller islands, being only eight miles in length by seven in width. On these two islands the white population is concentrated and the progress of the industrial arts most apparent.

The material progress of Fiji dates from the time that it became a colony under the British flag, in September, 1874, little more than twenty years ago. One of those largely instrumental in effecting



LADY THURSTON.

Photo by Hemus, Auckland.

this change, which transferred the supreme power from an ex-cannibal monarch to a British official representing her Majesty's Government, was Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Bates Thurston, at present Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner for the Western Pacific. Mr. Thurston, who is the eldest son of the late John Noel Thurston, of Bath, and belongs to one of the oldest families in the United Kingdom, was born Jan. 31, 1836, and in early life went to sea, reaching Australia in 1853, when he was seventeen years of age. In Sydney, young Thurston heard a great deal concerning the romantic and then little-known Pacific Islands, the scenes of some of Louis Becke's most fascinating narratives, and the future destinies of which were so largely affected by Mr. Thurston's action and policy.

In 1863 Mr. Thurston arranged an exploring expedition to several groups of islands, but in 1864 his vessel was wrecked during a hurricane off the coast of Rotuma, now a British Crown Colony, and the whole of his botanical collections, photographs, journals, &c., lost. After a

delay of several months, no vessel being procurable, Mr. Thurston reached Fiji, where he was invited by the British Consul, Captain Henry M. Jones, V.C., to join the Consular staff, with a view to becoming Acting-Consul. In 1867 Lord Stanley appointed Mr. Thurston British Consul in Fiji. It was about this time that British settlers,



SIR JOHN THURSTON, GOVERNOR OF FIJI.

attracted by the high prices obtained for Fijian cotton, began flocking into Fiji, where they endeavoured to set up a law for themselves. For about four years the time of Mr. Thurston was fully occupied in maintaining order in a land where there were no laws and no law courts. He accompanied Cakaubau—the name is variously spelt—when the latter, then the most powerful chief in Fiji, with a strong force invaded Na Viti Levu for the purpose of punishing the murderers of a missionary, the Rev. Thomas Baker, and his native followers.

In 1871, during the absence of Mr. Thurston, who had relinquished his consular duties in order to become a cotton-planter, Cakaubau was induced

by a number of white settlers to proclaim himself King of Fiji and establish a Government. This step, however, instead of securing law and order, resulted in riot and confusion, during which it was threatened to burn Levuka, which had become the Fijian capital. Mr. Thurston lost no time in returning to Fiji, where he was invited to take charge of the native administration, the next greatest chief in Fiji promising to join Cakaubau in supporting him. But it was found impossible to control the white population, eager to gain possession of the soil and reduce the natives to a state of slavery; and, finally, he made such strong representations to the British Government, that Fiji, with the full consent of the leading chiefs, was made a Crown Colony. Since then, the history of Mr. Thurston (who was made a K.C.M.G. in 1887) has been that of Fiji. He was several times entrusted with the government of Fiji before being appointed Governor, which office he now holds, with that of High Commissioner and Consul-General for the Western Pacific, his appointment dating from 1887. Lady Thurston is the daughter of a leading New South Wales colonist, and has come on a visit to England with her husband.

P.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SUVA, FIJI.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



TALL SMOKER : " Excuse me helping myself to a light."
SHORT SMOKER : " Oh, don't mention it!"

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



OLD LADY : " Why do you look at me like that, Johnny ? "

JOHNNY : " 'Cause mother says you drink like a fish, and I want to see how fishes drink. "



"I say, George, rather gloomy this morning?"
"Yes, the 'ups and downs' of life, more especially the 'ups'——"
"That's very good!"
"No, my dear; my 'ups' are 'hard ups.'"



ALFRED: "That's a jolly girl! I wonder who she is?"

GEORGE: "By her hat, I should think she is related to your uncle."

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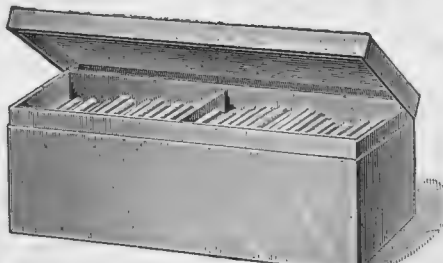
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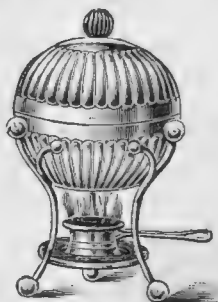
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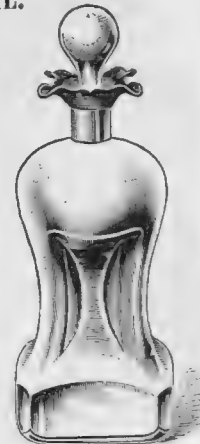


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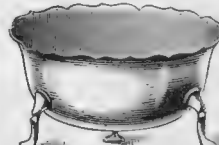
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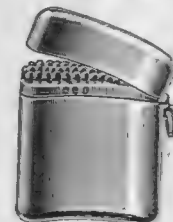


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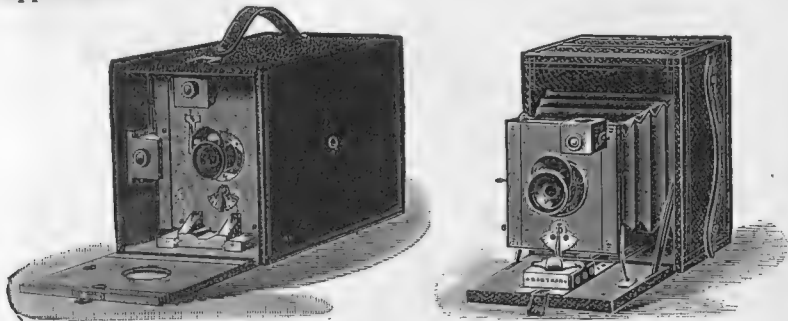
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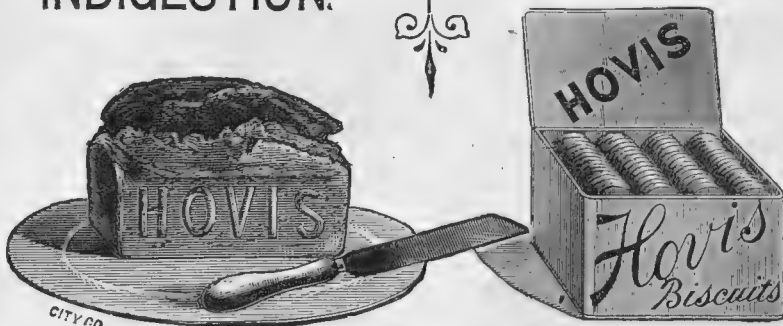
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INDIA IDEALISED.

"A land of enchantment" will undoubtedly be the sharp and decisive verdict of a unanimous public when the gates of The Empire of India Exhibition will presently open, and the dictum of this jury will be evoked not only by the splendour and glamour of reproduced Hindoostan at



IMRE KIRALFY.
Photo by Reullinger, Paris.

Earl's Court, but by the absolute transformation scene which the genius of Imre Kiralfy has called forth by the magic touch of his finger. The paradoxical expression, "a clean sweep," fully describes the demolition of every old landmark of last year's exhibition—with the exception of the bridges, and even these have put on a new tie—while it is borne out by the ivory whiteness of this city of palaces and pagodas.

With "Venice" Imre Kiralfy struck in England a note of novelty at Olympia, where others have since very creditably played variations on his theme. And now once more the author of "Babylon," "Columbus," and "America" (at Chicago) proves the irresistible impressiveness of originality and the charm of comprehensive organisation.

Subject to this brief opening, I can plunge at once *in medias res*, just as you will be able to do, by every entrance, including the new one in Warwick Road—a frontier of only twenty yards' breadth in every case separating the streets of the Metropolis from the palaces, temples, bazaars, and compounds of our Eastern Dominion. When I paid my visit there was débris to right and left of me, with scaffolding galore, but really no more obstructive than proves a veil to a beautiful face. I shall introduce you by the new entrance in Warwick Road and relate to you my chat with Imre Kiralfy as we made a tour of the place.

We entered by the Ducal Palace, which occupies a site on the further extreme edge of the old Buffalo Bill arena. A few steps bring you into the open. A very Versailles of gardens, fountains, and water—Eastern, however, in character—frame in the great band-stand. Beyond is the Queen's Palace, an imposing building of elegant architecture of Eastern character, representing the blend of Mongol and Hindoo taste. Like almost all the buildings on the ground, the material employed is of plaster-of-Paris, toned to a cream tint, as if reflecting the warm glow of an Eastern sun. Spiers and Pond, in a palatial building to right and left, will probably prove that gastronomy is no lost art, whether in the Western *cuisine* or in that *vis-à-vis* which they have devoted to the preparation of curries. Circular colonnades embrace the gardens, and two artistically constructed bridges cross the waters, which on one side are curtailed by a panorama of the Himalayan Mountains, and on the other ripple round an archipelago of islands of supreme beauty. But realism will especially join hands with phantasy in the witching hours of night, when the electric light, with lunar rays, illumines the white buildings, contrasting with the deep-green foliage, while myriad jets twinkle beside the water's edge. Thank heavens! there will be no more oil or tallow lamps! Engines of 1000-horse power, working dynamos, will save us that infliction, aided by gas in the Western Gardens, to which we shall penetrate by-and-by.

Anon we come to the Queen's Palace *en face*, after worshipping at the shrine of "Pervati," the Eastern representative of Venus. The Queen's Palace is to be the home of art and curiosities. Here you will find commemorative relics of the old East India Company's reign in India, and subjects lent by Tippoo Sahib, Lord Powys, Lord Clive, Lord Roberts, and Mr. Fowler, while, among the works of illustrative art, the ninety pictures shown by Mr. E. L. Weekes, well known in the Salon and elsewhere as a painter of Eastern scenery, will find place. The whole of these buildings occupy the site of the "Wild West," now only a memory. Then we traverse the broad bridge which used to lead to the dreary waste of space occupied by Soho-Bazaar-like stalls, but now to be the *locale* of deepest interest and wondrous entertainment.

On the left hand is the Empress Theatre, the largest specially constructed theatre in the world. Its massive girders look capable of resisting the ravages of endless ages, while its spacious roof-span is only second to that of the Midland Railway Company's terminus at St. Pancras.

"It will seat 5000 spectators, and would hold 750 more, were it not constructed to give a perfect view of the stage to every individual spectator, while, by an ingenious plan of raising the seats, on the system of a curved line of elevation, even the 'cart-wheel' bonnet will enjoy an immunity from censure," as Mr. Kiralfy remarked, with a confident smile.

"As a secret," he goes on to say, "I will tell you that the stage, by a mechanical contrivance, is capable of being removed in sections in a couple of days, if required. It is 315 ft. long by 100 deep, exclusive of the foyers, which add 102 ft. The auditorium will be dark in tint, so as to better concentrate all the light on to the stage. Here we shall act historic plays, with great processions, which are now fully rehearsed; while the music will be of Oriental character."

Then we turn towards the right into the Imperial Gardens, which, with the colonnades, form an ellipse with diameters of 220 and 338 ft. The colonnades are 30 ft. deep, and give very ample space for a promenade under cover; while cases of exhibits of Eastern manufactures will represent every variety of Eastern art. The Imperial Gardens are in the centre, and will be beautifully laid out, and figured with pavilions and a belvedere.

"The whole of this conception," Mr. Kiralfy tells you, "was by a happy thought, the outcome of the misfortune by storm which occurred to the buildings about to be erected on the site of the old Hippodrome, of which disaster my assistant came to my bedside to acquaint me the next morning. Yes, the weather has been much against us. The frost was so severe that eleven men were in one day sent to hospital from frost-bite through handling the ironwork of the buildings."

Presently we emerge into the Indian City—a portion of the Exhibition which cannot fail to interest and amuse.

Mr. Rowland Ward has a "Jungle" of Brobdingnagian extent. Near to it is a carved teak house copied from Aminabad. In a Burmese

A DOOR IN A JUGGLERS' HALL.

Photo by Mr. Chapman.



MOSQUE TO BE USED BY THE MAHOMMEDANS
AT EARL'S COURT.

Photo by Mr. Chapman.

Theatre hard by will be represented native football matches and theatrical displays. In a Bazaar to the left of the "jungle," native nicknacks will be offered for sale by natives who have just come over in the Paramatta and the Clive; and a native house will be the domestic home of these visitors, whose strict caste will be religiously observed. The Mussulmans have a special praying-temple, which no alien foot, not even the Queen's, will defile. Here they may pray, with their faces towards Mecca, the latitudinal and longitudinal position of which holy city is marked on a side-panel of the shrine with distinctive accuracy.

Anon and beyond we come to the "Elysia," with its side-shows, and claim re-acquaintance with the bridge, which took us formerly into the gardens around the Switchback, but now styled the Western Gardens, which

embrace the Welcome Club. It will be, altogether, a scene of brilliancy such as has never yet been presented to Western eyes. The Duke of Cambridge opens it on Monday.

T. H. L.

THE HOME OF SHAKSPERE'S MOTHER.

BY H. SNOWDEN WARD.

Illustrated from Negatives by Catharine Weed Ward.

A little village or hamlet some two miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and in the southern part of Woody Warwickshire, Wilmcote has little beyond the constant charm of a rural village to attract the visitor. A stranger might pass through it time and again without any thought of the place being noteworthy in any way. It is not much of a village: a small triangular green, overlooked by a small modern public-house, a few cottages dotted along the three roads that start from the green, a church and a day-school just outside the hamlet, and the parson's house. The little public-house has a spare parlour, where tourists and other persons of distinction may obtain ham and eggs, tea and toast, and all similar refreshments, well cooked and pleasantly served; but this alone would not attract any great number of visitors from afar. If this house were the old ale-house of the village, how well worth a visit would it be! For then we might sit on the bench before the tap-room window, drink "a pot o' the smallest ale," and recall the lively scene between Christopher Sly, the drunken tinker, and Marian Hacket, the angry ale-wife, that is recorded in "The Taming of the Shrew" as taking place at Wincote. But the old alehouse has gone; not even a tradition tells its site, and the building that now attracts pilgrims from all parts of the globe is a place of more sober recollections. A long, two-storey house, divided from the country-road to Snitterfield only by its own garden, full of shrubs and old-fashioned flowers, is the home of Shakspeare's mother, the most fully authenticated, yet the least cared for, of all the houses connected with Shakspeare's memory.

In 1556 died Richard Arden, a substantial yeoman of Wilmcote; and a portion of his will read thus: "I give and bequeethe to my youngste dowghter Marye all my lande in Wilmecote cawlide Asbyes, and the crop upon the grounde." In 1557, this Mary Arden was married to John Shakspeare, of Stratford-on-Avon; and on or about April 22, 1564, she became the mother of William Shakspeare.

The name Asbies, by which the land was given to Mary Arden, has long been out of use; the limits of her land are unknown; but the house can be traced, through successive owners, right back to her time. Therefore, while the birth-house can only, with certainty, be said to be a house that was owned by the poet's father at the time of his birth, while the Hathaway cottage can only be said to be that which was probably inhabited by the Anne Hathaway who is supposed to have become the poet's wife, the home of his mother has an unassailable history, and those who treasure the history and traditions of the other

houses should wish to see this one added to those that are held in trust for the world of Shakspeare-lovers.

For a time after his marriage things prospered with John Shakspeare. He bought property and undertook civic duties, gradually rising through the whole scale of rank, from ale-taster to high bailiff. At length the tide began to turn, and the records indicate monetary pressure, continued until his son William had made a position enabling him to relieve his father. In 1578 the estate of Asbies was mortgaged for £40 (equal to £400 or £500 to-day), and this mortgage eventually led to



THE HOUSE, FROM WILMCOTE VILLAGE.

several law proceedings, in the later of which William Shakspeare took part with his father. The details of the result are not known, but the estate passed from the family. It is supposed that, through some technical oversight, John Shakspeare lost his right to redeem from the mortgagee, and that, finally, the mortgage was made a sale on payment by the mortgagee of a further sum of £20.

For the last few years Mary Arden's house has been occupied by a family of honest, common-sense farmers, who rather resented the curiosity of numerous enthusiastic globe-trotters, and discouraged such visitors as wished to "see over" the house. But recently the property came into the occupation of Mr. Lane, who says that, as he only wishes to farm the land, and not occupy the house, since his own house is almost adjoining, he is willing to make the experiment for one year of throwing



VIEW FROM THE BAKEHOUSE.



THE BEST ROOM.

[Continued on page 213.]

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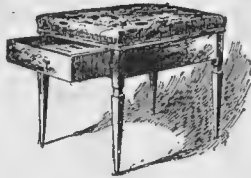
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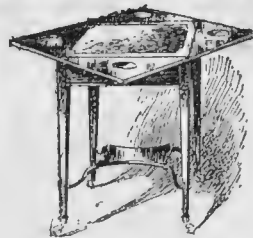
Dark Mahogany Corner Chair,
with underframing,
Seat upholstered in handsome
tapestry, finished copper nails,
27s. 6d.



Sheraton Inlaid Tea-Tray, 10s. 6d.
23 in. by 15 in.
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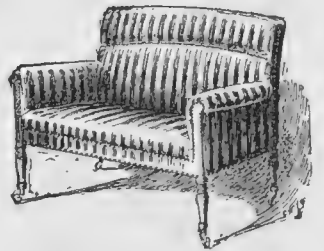
Music-Seat, in Silk Tapestry,
39s. 6d.



Card-Table, Envelope Folding,
2 ft. 7 in. across top, £2 15s.



Floor-Lamp,
Wrought Iron and
Copper, 14s. 6d.



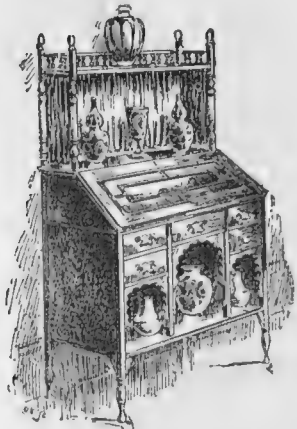
Settee in Striped Velvet,
Length, 4 ft. 2 in.; Height, 3 ft. 4 in.,
£5 10s.



Café-au-Lait, Minton China, white
and gold fluted, £1 1s.



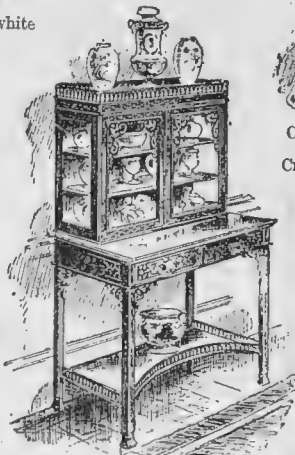
Claret-Jug,
Fine Cut
Crystal, 10s.



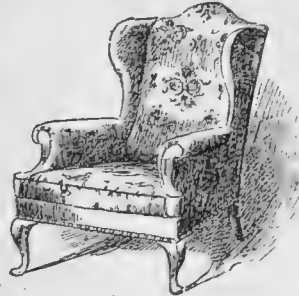
Moorish Bureau, in Fumed Oak,
4 ft. 7 in. high, 2 ft. 7 in. wide,
£4 15s.



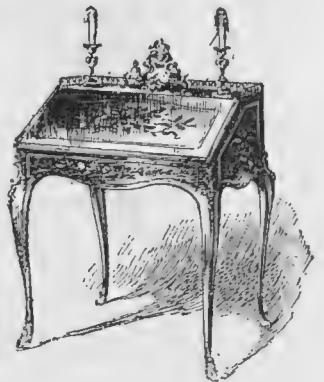
The "Redewelle" Chair, 3 ft. 6 in. high,
27 in. wide, in Striped Plush, STUFFED
ALL HAIR, 85s.
With Cradle Spring Seat and Flounce
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China-Cabinet, Chippendale Mahogany
4 ft. 7 in. high by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, £5 15s.



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Lady's Bureau, Inlaid Rosewood,
with Brass Gallery,
3 ft. high, 2 ft. 2 in. wide,
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Blotches under  
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6d. per Stick.



Premier Vinolia Shaving Cake, 1/-
Yields a most soothing,
substantial lather.

it open to visitors at a charge of sixpence each. If the sum so realised is enough to pay the rent, he will continue the practice. If it more than pays the rent and maintenance, he will, under the advice of competent authorities, gradually furnish the house with furniture such as it may have contained in Shakspeare's time. If the support is not sufficient, he will let the house for residence. The house has only just been thrown open to the public, and, since it is a very pleasant two-mile walk from Stratford-on-Avon, and only a hundred yards or so from Wilnecote Station on the Great Western Railway, I trust that it will be visited by a sufficient number of Shaksperian travellers to induce its present custodian to keep it in repair, and possibly, eventually, to lead to its being bought by the Birth House Trust.

The house and its surroundings are full of interest. The old low rooms, with their unplastered ceilings, the small, stone-mullioned, diamond-paned windows, the broad fireplaces with stone seats built into the ingle-nook, and the curiously inconvenient winding staircases, take us back to the old days. The upper rooms, almost every one of which is on a different level from the next, and some of which are entered by doorways only about four feet high, are still more quaint. Behind the house is the farmyard, with the stables and other buildings on the three sides not occupied by the house itself; and, crossing the yard and passing through the pent-house under which the waggons are sheltered, we pass the farmyard pond and so to the orchard. At the back of the house itself is a long pent-house roof, with the old copper set-pot for boiling the clothes at one end, fully exposed to the weather. Immediately behind this, again, is the entrance to the little old bakehouse, with its great brick oven, and no item connected with the Shakspeare relics carries us back with such a sure domestic touch as this old washhouse and bakehouse where the poet's mother learnt the virtues that go to make a home.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Plungers on the Turf must, I am convinced, be men of good health, strong of nerve, and good-tempered, to succeed. I have taken stock of one or two of our most successful punters, and I find that they never make a bet when they are out of sorts. Mr. Charley Hannam, who speculates to a very tall tune, is the picture of health. He can swim well, he is a first-rate shot, a capital billiard-player, and a very happy-looking fellow. He never loses his temper, and it would be impossible after any race to tell, by his demeanour, whether he had lost or won. But there are times when Mr. Hannam does not feel quite the thing. Then he does not bet.

The time has arrived when a new stand should be built in Tattersall's Ring at Sandown Park. The present wooden structure was put up as a temporary affair, and certainly it has played its part. I believe the capital of the Sandown Park Company is something over £300,000, and surely out of such a large amount sufficient ought to have been spared to build a stone stand. It is, indeed, remarkable that it has been found possible, up to now, to pay a dividend of 7 per cent. on such a huge capital, compared to which the £35,000 of Kempton Park is only a flea-bite.

The Derby has attracted more attention this year than it has any season during the last decade, and good judges even now pronounce it to be a very open race. I regret to hear that Le Var has been off-colour and has given John Porter some trouble; but the colt is in strong work

once more. Many of the Newmarket touts still contend that Raconteur's running in the Guineas was all false, and they continue to advance the claims of Mr. McCalmont's colt for Epsom. I am afraid he is a soft-hearted animal, and if Kirkeconnel fails to win the Derby, it may be captured by Sir Visto, who can improve a lot by the day.

W. Simms, the American jockey of colour who has come to England under special retainer to ride for Messrs. Dwyer and Croker, is an intelligent man. He has a nice face and gentlemanly manners. Simms is just over twenty-five years of age. He has been riding in the States for the last eight seasons, and is now reckoned as being the Archer of America. His style of riding does not commend itself to Englishmen generally, as he has his stirrup-leathers too short to look graceful in the saddle, and he lacks the grace of a Cannon or the polish of a Watts—that is, of course, so far as appearance in the pigskin goes. On the other hand, he can win, and that is the desideratum valued most by owners. He seemingly believes in winning his race at the starting-post, for once or twice he has displayed a feverish anxiety to be "off." This, however, may be only a custom of his country, brought about by riding in time-tests. Campbell, the trainer, thinks a great deal of Simms, and I am glad to hear that both are very popular with the Newmarket people. The Americans are not in the habit of doing things by halves, and, although our handicappers have, in one or two instances, been hard upon their horses, it is only right to conclude that our visitors would not ship bad horses to England. It is to be hoped, however, that they will meet with fair play, as they are good all-round sportsmen.

I am afraid the Salisbury Meeting may not this year be attended by so many of the county families as usual, owing to the death of the Earl of Pembroke, who was one of the Stewards. I am very glad to hear that Earl Radnor takes the liveliest interest in the fixture; and Lady Radnor, who has, of late, run horses in her own name, will, I believe, have a thoroughbred competing in the Longford Plate. Her ladyship is a sister of Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., and her love for horses is equal to that of her brother. Lady Radnor often sees the morning gallops of the horses under Bushell's charge. She rides to hounds, and is in great request at all the local concerts, as she possesses a sweet voice. Lady Radnor could write an interesting book on the profits (or losses) accruing from agriculture, as she manages her own model farm.

This year the August Bank Holiday falls at an awkward time for racegoers, as the Goodwood Meeting finishes on Aug. 2. The Windsor Meeting is held on the 3rd and on the 5th, which is the Bank Holiday. Hurst Park and Alexandra Park are allowed to clash once more. The latter arrangement is, I think, an ill-advised one, and I wonder the Jockey Club does not give the day to Alexandra Park alone for once. The meeting held on the Wood Green slopes is a popular one with the London crowd, and it is so easily get-at-able that every encouragement should be given. At the same time, wrong 'uns must be kept out of the ring for the future, if that is possible.

Country trainers have carried all before them this spring, and I am more than ever convinced that the going on the South Downs was sounder than elsewhere during the latter part of the winter. Euclid, Wild Man from Borneo, Cornbury, and Victor Wild all hail from the South; while Reminder is trained at Stockbridge.



W. SIMMS.

Photo by Clarence Hailey, St. John's Wood.



PREPARING TO START.—DRAWN BY ROWLANDSON.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Nothing but sensations. The season was scarce begun before Leicestershire, after making a dismal show against the M.C.C. at Lord's, tripped over to the south side of the Thames and beat Surrey by four wickets in their first County Championship match. After this it is of no use adopting the rôle of the prophet, excepting, indeed, one goes by contraries, and gives the weaker county as the one likely to win. It will take a long time to convince me that Leicestershire is, in any respect, the equal of Surrey—but there, it would never do if the weaker always went to the wall. It is these charming surprises that give the glorious game half its interest, and few indeed, outside of Surrey, will be displeased at the success of the Midlanders.

The game was remarkable for two performances, one with the bat and the other with the ball. In the second innings of Leicester, Tomlin, the professional, played a marvellously patient and correct game for 106, not out. It was really he who broke the back of the Surrey bowling and the hearts of the Surrey bowlers. Patient and impenetrable as the Sphinx, he could still, when he found an opportunity, lash out in a way that brought him many runs without any risk. I would not call him a great batsman in the sense that Stoddart and Grace and Gunn and Shrewsbury—to go no further—are great; but he is a man who, when things are going badly for his side, may be relied upon to step into the breach unflinchingly. The other notable performance was the bowling of Woodcock. In the first innings he was only moderately successful, with three wickets for 48; but at the second attempt he established what has been called a reign of terror, and bowled out six of the Surrey cracks for 44. This is a feat which, on a good wicket, will take some beating. Woodcock is now generally supposed to be the fastest bowler in England, and, if he had only a little more command over the ball, he might compare favourably with either Mold or Richardson.

Surrey, however, were not caught napping when Essex came along, eager to emulate the success of the Midland team. Once bitten, twice shy, and Surrey were evidently determined to turn over a new leaf. This they did in a manner altogether distressing to the county whose purlieus and pastures lie east of Temple Bar. Essex had the good fortune to win the toss on a perfect wicket, and the feature of their first innings was the very fine score of 145 by Carpenter. This player has, for the past season or two, shown himself a batsman of promise, but he has never done anything approaching his performance in this match. The Essex batting, however, was very unequal, and, although Carpenter scored 145, the total only reached 231. Surrey began badly by losing three wickets for 59. Then came a change. Surrey were playing a young colt named Holland, who had been highly spoken of by those who think they know a batsman at sight. Holland joined Abel, and those two, defying the lightnings of Kortright, the subtleties of Mead, and the picked of the Pickett's, put on 256 runs before they were parted. Of this number, the graceful young colt had contributed an almost faultless 123. Holland is a batsman who, unless I am grievously mistaken, is likely to have a distinguished career. He got his runs like a master. In style and posture at the wicket he reminds one not a little of William Gunn, and several of his strokes, especially in cutting, resemble those of the great Notts batsman. Holland, who lives at Battersea, and belongs to a well-known cricketing family, stands quite six feet in height, and is, I believe, in his twentieth year.

Century scores have been as plentiful as blackberries in September. One must not, however, forget an extraordinary performance by Kamur Shri Ranjitsinhji in making his début for Sussex against the M.C.C. at Lords. In the first innings, against some of the best bowling in England, he scored 77 (not out). In the second innings he put this performance in the shade by knocking up 150 runs in two hours and a half. Those two nice little scores gave him an average of 227 for the match. Really, I am not sure that this is not even a better performance than Abel's, and when one remarks that the Indian prince added to his batting achievements an excellent bowling performance by capturing six wickets in the second innings, one will have to class him as one of the best all-round cricketers in England.

Nor must one forget that W. G. Grace, playing for the M.C.C. against Sussex, scored a three-figure innings, which made his ninety-ninth century in first-class cricket. He has now completed his century of hundreds, in the match Somerset v. Gloucester, and established a record which will probably never be broken. It is not given to more than one man in a hundred years to play first-class cricket for nearly a third of a century.

One has also to chronicle a couple of century innings by H. W. Bainbridge, the captain of the Warwickshire eleven. These were accomplished against Essex and Derbyshire respectively. Lilley, the Warwickshire wicket-keeper, also scored a fine three-figure innings against Derbyshire; but, in spite of all those things, or rather, because of the heavy scoring, the men of Warwickshire only managed to play drawn games against the counties I have named.

At Cambridge University, too, batsmen have been breaking out into tremendous scores. Chief among them must be mentioned Frank Mitchell, who knocked up 191 against Somerset. What would the young Yorkshireman not have given for the other nine runs needed to complete his second century? In the same match, and just by way of retaliation, S. M. J. Woods, now captain of Somerset, and once captain of Cambridge, let himself go to the extent of 180 in one innings.

There is nothing more interesting to Southern cricketers during the

coming week than that which will be decided next Monday, when Mr. Walter William Read's testimonial match takes place at the Oval. Mr. Read is undoubtedly one of the most attractive and reliable batsmen in the country; and he has proved it, time after time, by the impressions he has made on the scoring-sheet. He was born at Reigate, on Nov. 23, 1855, and it is said that his "unearthment," if the word is allowable, was due chiefly to the efforts of Harry Jupp, the famous Surrey professional, who practically introduced him into the charmed circle of county cricket. So rapid became his advance, that Mr. Walter Read made his first appearance in a county match, against Yorkshire at the Oval, three months prior to his eighteenth birthday. That was in the year 1873, and since then he has completed no fewer than forty-seven century scores. One of his most remarkable feats took place at Oxford, where he put on 338 runs when playing for Surrey against the University. Association football, pedestrianism, skating, and billiards have all claimed the earnest attention of Mr. Read, who is nothing if not a sportsman; but, without any prejudice to these pastimes, I think it must be generally admitted that his chief popularity has been obtained on the cricket-field, because it has been on the cricket-field that all his chief conquests have been made, and where the general public have been able to appreciate him best. In the 47 distinct totals described as century scores, he has passed the second hundred on three occasions, and it is worthy of note that his 244 against Cambridge University and his 214 against Essex were both not-out scores; while Mr. Read also carried his bat on six other occasions in this brilliant record. The character of the match next Monday will be found duly noted below in the usual list for the coming week—

- May 23—At the Oval, Surrey v. Cambridge University.
At Oxford, the University v. Gentlemen of England.
At Gravesend, Kent v. Gloucester.
At Nottingham, Notts v. Yorkshire.
At Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. Essex.
May 27—At the Oval, Surrey v. England. (Mr. Read's testimonial match.)
At Oxford, the University v. Yorkshire.
At Leyton, Essex v. Middlesex.

GOLF.

One can do little more than record the fact that the amateur golf championship was won by Leslie Balfour Melville, but not before the nineteenth hole had been played. That extraordinary golfer, John Ball junior, was the runner-up, but the ex-champion was hardly at his best, and the honour fell to the Scotsman. It is worthy of remark that Mr. Balfour Melville, three times in the competition, finished the eighteenth hole level with his opponent, and only won after playing off the odd hole. Mr. Melville, who is about forty-five years of age, is a good all-round sportsman. He has played international Rugby football, and has long been known as one of the best batsmen and wicket-keepers in Scotland. He has for many years been one of the most distinguished members of the Grange C.C., the premier club of Scotland. He is also a member of the M.C.C.

CYCLING.

I give to-day the portrait of Mr. Sigismund Fitzka, who only the other day rode from Austria to London by way of the Black Forest, in nine and a half actual riding days. His idea

was not to create a record in the journey to this country, but, though he encountered heavy rain and snow-storms, with head winds, his performance was a wonderfully good one. Although he is only able to speak the German language, he was agreeably surprised to find the French people show him so much kindness. He neither knew the roads nor the language, but he never met with any serious difficulty. He left London on his return journey on May 14, and expected to arrive at Vienna in about ten days. Fitzka hoped to be more favoured by weather on his return journey, and, as he has already created several long-distance records, it will not surprise anyone to hear that he has completed the journey of about 1080 miles in very fast time.



SIGISMUND FITZKA.
Photo by Moser, Vienna.

one to hear that he has completed the journey of about 1080 miles in very fast time. OLYMPIAN.

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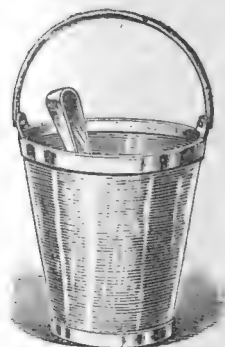
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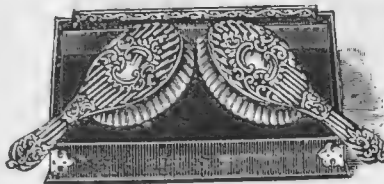
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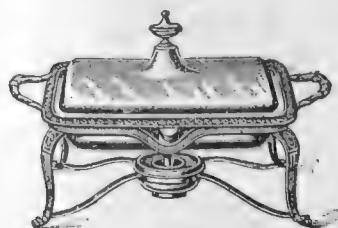
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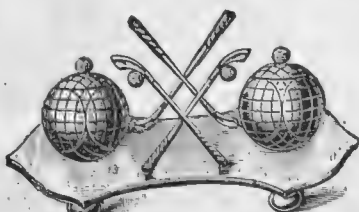
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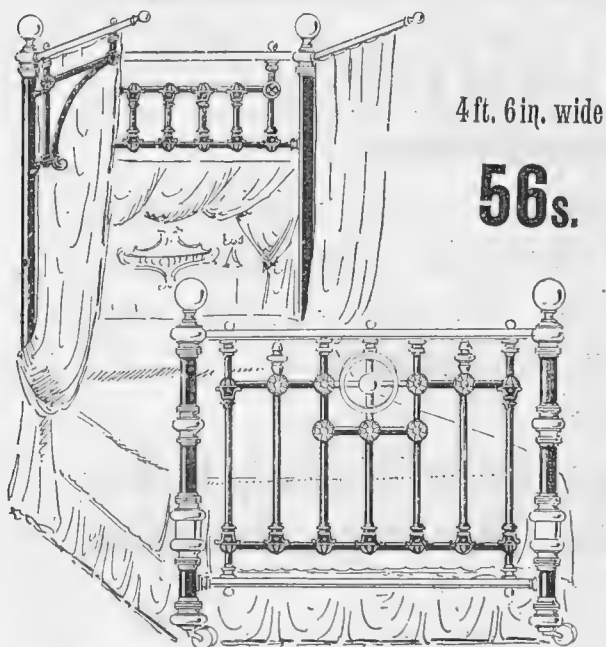
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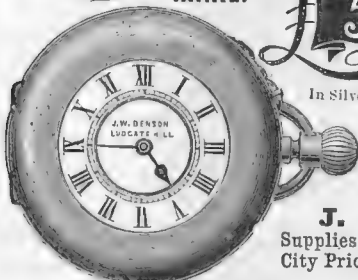
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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

When those few days of almost tropical heat came upon us so suddenly last week, I was in despair, for of suitable garments I was absolutely destitute—in fact, so hideously hot and out-of-place did all my gowns seem to me that I positively quailed before the prospect of donning any of them for a long day's shopping amid crowds of other shoppers, driven,



THE "LOUIS" CAPE.

like myself, to immediate action by this sudden freak of the Clerk of the Weather. As I looked out at the steady glare of that blazing sunshine from the haven of a comparatively cool and shady room, I gathered up all my energies for a supreme effort, greatly helped thereto by envious admiration of a passing girl in deliciously cool and summery raiment. I determined that I must be clothed in a similar manner, and so I prepared to go forth, when the well-known double knock stopped me short, and I waited to see what Fate, in the shape of the postman, had brought for me. And in a moment my discontent was changed into delight, and I flung myself down in the cosiest chair, prepared for a thoroughly pleasant and restful hour, in which I could settle in peace and coolness the weighty question of my more or less airy summer clothing. Blessed be the man who invented illustrated catalogues, say I, and enabled weary women to do some of their shopping at home!

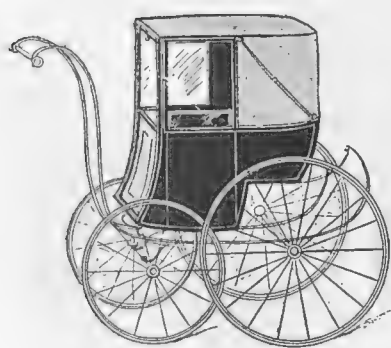
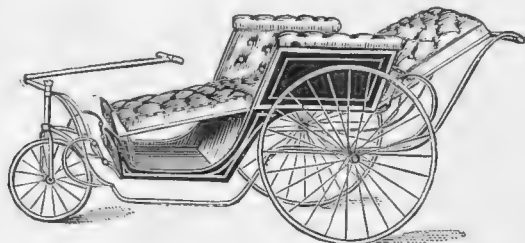
And then I settled down to the catalogue bearing the names Debenham and Freebody, and the title of "Summer Fashion-Book." And there came to me a vision of black crêpon skirts, their outstanding fulness induced to become permanent by means of linette and horsehair linings, and the prices thereof—from 38s. 6d. to 78s. 6d.—were as a new and a glad surprise, and enabled me to raise my aspiring thoughts to the loveliest of three-and-a-half guinea chiné silk bodices, its box-pleated front adorned with three paste buttons, while the collar and waistband of silk in some contrasting colour—at the moment my energy was not sufficient to enable me to decide upon any particular shade—had outstanding bow ends to give them the jaunty smartness which is so desirable. Another touch of the same colour appeared again as a lining for the pointed yoke of guipure lace. The sleeves, too, won my heart, their fulness stopping short at the elbow, and merging into tight-fitting, closely tucked cuffs, finished by a tiny ruffled edging of lace. With such a costume one could face the hottest, brightest day with cool self-confidence, especially, too, if armed with a second and more ordinary blouse, which left your chiné silk for special occasions. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody have provided you with all varieties, from a dainty crêpon blouse, with double box-pleat in front, and a collar and waistband, finished at each side with a double rosette—the price only 18s. 6d, I must tell you—to a delightful little garment in coloured muslin, made beautiful with insertions and frills of lace, and also doubly desirable by the modest price of 23s. 6d., another bedecked with Valenciennes lace being only 31s. 6d., while you can actually, for the nominal expenditure of half-a-guinea, become the possessor of a perfectly cut muslin blouse, which is the most suitable accompaniment for the lawn-and-lace collars and cuffs to which we are all so devoted at present. Altogether, Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's blouses are veritable things of beauty, and I advise a specially careful perusal of the half-dozen pages devoted to them in that beautifully got-up catalogue—a catalogue, too, by the way, which brings before you, in most alluring fashion, the various forms of those most fashionable ruffles and fichus and collars which our liege lady has decreed shall adorn all our garments this season; and I never stopped one moment before I wrote off an order for one of the real ostrich-feather boas, fifty inches long, which Messrs. Debenham and Freebody are offering to us at seven shillings each! There is, too, a hat, its brim set round with softly curving ostrich-tips, and with a massed cluster of roses on the hair at the side, which seemed to me to be the most desirable thing in the way of millinery, especially when there is added to it a neck-ruffle of the same soft tips, fastened together by a satin band and a full-blown rose. Truly, this firm understands the requirements of women, and I only wish that you had been looking with me at the delightful counterfeit presentments of alpaca dust-cloaks and dainty crêpon capes, the charming frocks for children, which would delight the heart of any mother, and the hundred-and-one things for our use and adornment, which are rendered doubly attractive by their moderate price. But it is an easy matter to write to Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, at Wigmore Street, for a copy of their catalogue, sent, post free, on application.

Yet actually, only two days later, I was sitting in most friendly proximity to a cosy little fire, gloating over a shade-card of "Louis" velveteen, and revelling in the thoughts of its softness and warmth! And such is the climate of England! Certainly, "Louis" velveteen makes up a good deal for these trying changes of weather—what a lovely fabric it is! and the modest two shillings a yard which will make it your own is a ridiculously small expenditure when you consider what you get in return for it. Of course, I set my heart on the greens—I always do—and pictured to myself a cape of a sufficiently bright and yet dark shade of this lovely colour, cut out in battlements, this formidable name according not at all with the soft frill of accordion-pleated black chiffon which should edge each square, while over them fall loops of shot glacé ribbon. It would be a pretty and useful garment, so our artist has ensured its charms being handed down to posterity by making a sketch of it for you. As to the colour, there are considerably over one hundred shades of "Louis" velveteen for you to choose from. Then, impelled thereto by a chilling blast of cold air, which came in with the opening door, I almost decided upon a tea-gown of an indescribably beautiful shade of greenish-blue, its artistically loose folds to be held in by a sequin-studded girdle; while a rose-pink evening-gown might be most distinguished in its absolute simplicity, with sleeves falling well off the shoulders, and straps of glittering jet to keep the bodice in place. However, I was saved from the commission—in thought—of any other extravagances by the always welcome appearance of afternoon tea, but, still, I had lingering visions of that lovely velvet gown—green, with a corsage embroidery of pearls and diamonds—which Miss Granville is wearing with such good effect in "Vanity Fair," and of which I told you only the other week. Undoubtedly velvet is wonderfully becoming, and, if made with discretion, gives an almost regal air to its wearer; and in these days you may read "Louis" velveteen for velvet in almost every case—indeed, who would spend pounds when for shillings they can obtain a fabric to all intents and purposes as good, and certainly as effective, especially as one would not wish the most perfect of velvet dresses to wear for ever? so why make the initial expenditure so heavy when there is "Louis" velveteen at two shillings a yard? There was not much need to answer the question, because the average woman has undoubtedly taken velveteen to her heart in place of the more costly velvet; and so I turned my attention to a sketch, which had been sent on to me from Paris (and which I reproduce herewith for your benefit) by someone who is apparently jealous of the prominence given in our paper to the gowns of

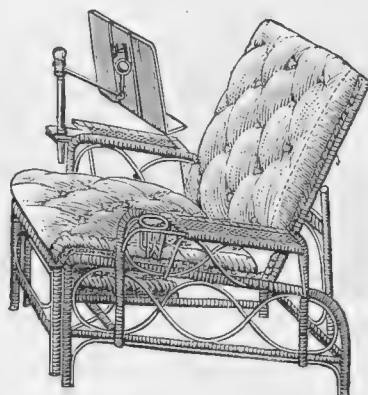


our English actresses, and who is desirous of convincing me of the superior charms of the French women, instancing this gown, with its corsage-edging of feathers, and its wide-brimmed hat, on which feathers again appear. Evidently my correspondent belongs to the sterner sex, for he does not even give me the colour or the fabric of this wonderful gown; but, all the same, I am perfectly willing to admit that there is a most peculiar and fascinating charm about the conjunction of a hat with a low-cut evening-gown, especially when long black gloves are added. So, perhaps, this admission will satisfy him, in spite of the fact that I intend to go on recording the charms of our stage-gowns on every possible occasion, even if they do not come up (in his opinion) to this, his standard of excellence.

The other day, my helpful advice was sought by a young mother, who wanted to get the best and loveliest and most wonderful of perambulators for her loveliest and most wonderful of babies. I do not know



THE NEW "SEDAN" PERAMBULATOR.



much about the subject, but I do know Messrs. Leveson and Sons, and so I marched my friend off to 90 and 92, New Oxford Street, to revel in the sight of hundreds of perambulators and baby-carriages, and the like, for I knew that, if there was anything novel and original to be had in this way, it would be found at Messrs. Leveson's. And of course I was right, for we discovered on our arrival there a glorified perambulator, made in the exact likeness of a miniature brougham, padded inside, and fitted with a hood which could be thrown back at will, and side-windows which could be let down when King or Queen Baby required more air, and, altogether, the most fascinating and quaint little baby-carriage which ever drove a loving mother into ecstasies of delight, and which even aroused some enthusiasm in me, though I was not personally interested in the matter. The "Sedan Car," as this new perambulator is called, exercised such an enthralling fascination over my friend that I left her giving vent to little disjointed gasps of admiration over it, and beaming to herself as she pictured her darling inside, and saw the envious admiration of all the neighbouring mothers and nurses, and then, seeing that the case was a hopeless one and likely to be a lengthy one, I went off on a voyage of discovery by myself and found something which appealed to me a great deal more than did the perambulator. It was a cane lounge, which, when you were lazy, could be pulled out to its full extent, and so form a perfect rest for weary limbs, and, when you simply wanted a cosy chair, would take the form depicted in the sketch in a moment, while your book reposed on the reading-desk. I discovered that the cane lounge pure and simple was priced at two guineas, while cretonne-covered cushions were fifteen shillings extra, and the reading-desk the same amount, altogether an excellent investment, in which I promptly sank some of my capital, and advise you to do the same.

One of their latest novelties is a reclining bath-chair, with adjustable back and leg-rest, which is wonderfully comfortable; but they have a splendid catalogue, containing nearly two hundred drawings and descriptions, which they will send post-free on application, and they pack and deliver all goods free of charge throughout the United Kingdom. They have separate catalogues for all their departments—a very thoughtful arrangement, and dwellers in Kensington and that district can make use of the establishments at 30, High Street, Kensington, and 21, Parkside, Knightsbridge, while 35, Piccadilly, Manchester, 89, Bold Street, Liverpool, and 9, Albion Street, Leeds, are the other addresses of this famous firm. When, at last, I got back to my friend, full of apologies for my prolonged absence, I found they were quite needless, for she was perfectly happy in the contemplation of her accumulated purchases, which, by that time, included a charming little go-car for baby's use when older, and which could be used either for lying down or sitting up; while she had almost decided to order an accurate copy of a fascinating goat-carriage, carried out in white, with red wheels, which, with the addition of a milk-white goat, would be a perfect picture. I thought, however, that it was high time

to take her away, so that some of you, my readers, might take your turn in looking over Messrs. Leveson's store of treasures.

Lastly, I must correct a serious mistake, for which I am responsible. I daresay you remember that charming chair (upholstered in pale-blue velvet patterned with pink roses) which, as one of Messrs. Hampton's latest and most successful productions, I illustrated for you the other week. But, alas and alack! I gave the price as seventy shillings, whereas it should have been 82s. 6d. I have just discovered my error, and tender my apologies both to Messrs. Hampton and to the large number of my readers who have ordered this chair, and who have found that it cost 12s. 6d. more than they expected. I thought at the time that it was wonderfully cheap; but then, that is a characteristic of all Messrs. Hampton's goods, and, indeed, the chair is well worth the actual cost, 82s. 6d., as all those who have been wise enough to invest in one can testify.

Messrs. Collinson and Lock announce a sale of their high-class furniture, which is to last for three weeks, and they issue an illustrated catalogue showing the prices to which they have marked down some of the valuable articles—chairs, cabinets, &c.—which they have been accumulating in stock for some time past.

FLORENCE.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SHEFFIELD.

The Duchess of York, on the occasion of her progress through Sheffield, was presented by Mr. Walter Mappin, on behalf of the work-people, with a pair of exquisitely chased, silver-gilt glove- and handkerchief-boxes, as a mark of their loyalty and respect. The *cortège* stopped for a few moments in front of Messrs. Mappin and Webb's works. The gifts were designed and made throughout by Messrs. Mappin and Webb's own work-people. The design is singularly graceful in conception, with bold flutes in relief surrounding a shield bearing a ducal coronet and the initial letter "M." Beautifully chased medallions of Raphael's Angels in oxidised silver are cleverly worked into the centre of the covers. Within, the interior space is luxuriously lined with rich white satin, and the whole is enclosed in a winged case of royal-red morocco, lined with white velvet. Apart from the skill and ingenuity displayed, Messrs. Mappin and Webb are to be congratulated on the loyalty and enthusiasm shown



by the whole of their work-people at the Royal Silver Plate Works on the occasion of the royal visit. The handsome frontage of Messrs. Mappin and Webb's manufactory was gaily decorated in honour of the occasion.

Messrs. Dent's pretty "Iris Series," that was inaugurated by Mr. Raymond's "Tryphena in Love," has a very sentimental tale by Mr. Guy Boothby for its second volume. The scene of "A Lost Endeavour" is laid in Thursday Island in the Pacific, among beach-combers, European loafers, aristocratic ne'er-do-wells, cast off by their families, or given an allowance never to return to civilisation again. They are decidedly fashionable heroes and villains in present-day fiction. Lord John St. Denys Paignton, known by the plebeian name of Garfitt, a dissipated and consumptive blasphemer, buys the devoted care of a beautiful stranger till his death, which is well in sight; falls desperately in love with his nurse, without asking inconvenient questions about her past, marries her, and is converted to a belief in the good, the true, and the beautiful. Her past, which has been an interesting and episodic one, quite forbids a happy ending; but, in justice to a readable if utterly impossible story, it should not be divulged. Mr. Boothby should make his choice between melodrama and truth to human nature. Once he makes it, he will go on from success to success, for his adventurous experiences should serve him with matter and suggestions for many a long day.

For the Epsom Races, the London, Brighton, and South Coast and the South-Western Railway Companies will run numerous special trains, for which tickets may be taken from Monday until Thursday. The Midland Railway Company have issued a handy list of the principal Agricultural Shows to be held this year, which is indispensable to everybody interested in the subject.

MADAME FAREY,

231, REGENT STREET.

Smart Hats and Bonnets, 21/-
Smart Aigrettes for the Hair, 2/9

"A CHARMING SCENT."

H.R.H. The Duchess of York.

ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE.

"The Sweetest of Sweet Odours."

Delightfully and delicately fragrant.
Beware of Imitations.

ATKINSON'S is the only
Genuine.

Perfume, Toilet-Powder, Soap, Tooth-Powder,
Sachets, and all other specialties with this
"charming" odour, of all Dealers throughout
the world, and of the Manufacturers—

J. & E. ATKINSON, 24, Old Bond St., London.

Rowland's Kalydor

Is most cooling, soothing, and refreshing for the
face and arms of all exposed to the hot sun and
dust. It prevents and

REMOVES SUNBURN,

Tan, Freckles, Roughness and Redness of the
Skin; soothes Insect Stings, Irritation, &c., and
produces a fair and

DELICATE COMPLEXION.

Bottles, 4s. 6d.; half-bottles, 2s. 3d.

MACASSAR OIL

prevents hair falling off or becoming dry in hot
weather. Also sold in a Golden Colour. Bottles,
3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

ODONTO

Whitens the teeth and
prevents decay. 2s. 9d.
Ask Chemists for
Rowland's. By post
for 3d. extra to A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, Hatton
Garden, London.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S Cloudy AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath. Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.

Invigorating in Hot Climates.

Restores the Colour to Carpets. Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

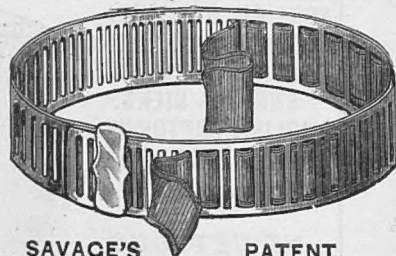
1s. Bottle for six to ten Baths.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., 32b Southwark Street, London, S.E.

MANUFACTURERS OF SCRUBB'S ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP.

THE "ACME" BELT FOR LADIES



SAVAGE'S PATENT.

SIMPLE, ELEGANT, DURABLE.

HIGHLY FINISHED IN NICKEL SILVER.
Any ribbon can be put into the
slits, and can be changed at the
will of the wearer. Gives the waist
the round appearance so much
admired.

Adjustable to any size waist.
Of Drapers and Haberdashery
everywhere, or may be had by
sending Postal Order, 3s. 6d.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT
APPROVED.

G. SAVAGE,

92, GOSWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.

HINDE'S HAIR CURLERS.



Sold in 6d. and 1s.
Boxes, throughout
the Three
Queendoms.



FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH and BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey and Extracts from
Sweet Herbs and Plants.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS, AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2/6 per Bottle.



Ladies Travelling
Ladies Travelling
At Home
At Home

Save Washing
Save Washing

HARTMANN'S HYGIENIC TOWELETTES.

In 6d. Packets, 1 doz. 1/-, 1/4, and 2/- per doz.
Special make for use after accouchement, 2s. per doz.
Obtained from all Ladies' Outfitters, Drapers, also
from the Stores and Chemists. Packets of one dozen
at 1/3, 1/7, and 2/3. Post Free. Samples Post Free
on application. Mention Sketch. Address: "The
Manageress," THE SANITARY WOOD WOOL CO., LTD.,
26, Thavies Inn, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

INSIST ON HAVING 'HARTMANN'S.'

THE "LEOPOLD" SKIRT-GRIP,



LORD DRESSWELL: "Whilst we are out shopping, dear, remind Lady Ethel to
buy HALF-A DOZEN 'LEOPOLD' SKIRT-GRIPS."

Which we now bring to
your notice, is seen in a
moment to the Waist-
band or Belt.

EXACTLY THE THING

THAT HAS

LONG BEEN WANTED.

EVERY LADY
KNOWS, no matter
how faultlessly and
neatly she may be
dressed, that when
wearing a Blouse there
is always a tendency
for Dress Skirts to
droop or sag an inch or
two behind, thus giving
an untidy and un-
finished appearance,
and which up to the present
has had no remedy,
except by the unsatis-
factory way of using
pins or sewing the Skirt
on to the Waistband.

The
Illustration
will show any Lady the
difference when the
"Leopold" Skirt Grip
is attached, and when
it is not.

Price 3d. each.

The Small Grips catch the Band of the Skirt in such a manner that it
is Impossible for the Dress to Fall in the slightest degree.

THE DRESS SKIRT IS HELD IN POSITION THE INSTANT THE BELT OR WAISTBAND IS PUT ON.

SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

May be had of all Principal Drapers and Dressmakers throughout the United Kingdom.

ASK FOR THEM THE NEXT TIME YOU ARE SHOPPING.

PATENTEE:

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MANUFACTORY PECKHAM. AGENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD.



ASPINAL'S NEIGELINE.

MAKES THE SKIN LIKE BEAUTIFUL VELVET.

INVALUABLE FOR ALL LADIES IN EVENING DRESS, MAKING
ARMS, NECK, & HANDS WHITE, SMOOTH, SOFT, & FIRM.

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"NEIGELINE" is now used by ROYALTY.

MADAME PATTI writes:

"I have used the Neigeline, it is MOST EXCELLENT."
(Signed) "ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI."

ABSOLUTELY NON-POISONOUS.

Sold Everywhere, or post free, 2/3, 3/9, and 6/4 per Bottle, from

EDWARD ASPINALL,
Grasse Street Works, Rathbone Place, London, W.

FOR THE SKIN

Sold by Dealers generally, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or post free for 1s. 3d. and 3s., from the Homoeo Company, Ltd., 22, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead.

Invaluable for Coughs, Colds, INFLUENZA, and Throat Irritation. Contain no Poison. Act by inhalation and absorption directly upon the respiratory organs. In Cases of 72 Pastilles, 1s. 1½d. Can be ordered through any Chemist, or post free on receipt of price from the Wholesale Dépôt: **FASSETT & JOHNSON, 32, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.**

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

The House of Commons is a sadly frivolous assembly, and everyone has been relieved by the spectacle of "Mr. Palmer," or Lord Wolmer, or Lord Selborne, asserting his right to be at once a peer and a commoner, to have his cake and eat his cake. I must say that Lord Selborne always struck me as a rather ineffective young man. He is able in a sense; he is industrious; he seems to be sincere; and he is no doubt devoted to his slightly fussy, but spirited, work in the House of Commons. One feels, too, a certain sympathy with a man whom an act of Nature, one might almost say an act of God, deprives of a good half of his political career, of all its interests, and nearly all its rewards. It is very exasperating, and, I should say, would be even a greater loss to men like Mr. Curzon, who has certainly a considerable career before him, than to Lord Selborne, who can have only a minor one. But the campaign of the eldest sons has not been discreetly conducted. The words with which Lord Selborne opened it practically damned it. Asked by the Speaker whether he considered himself a peer or a commoner, he replied that he was a peer of the realm, but not a Lord of Parliament. Now this will not do, and both Radicals and Tories saw it would not do. If the young peers want to descend from the House of Lords to the House of Commons, they cannot do so as peers, but must consent to become simple citizens. This, however, is precisely what they hesitate to do. They want to keep their dignities and titles, and it is not at all clear that they would not like to have the alternative of re-entering the House of Lords when they are tired of the House of Commons. All this would, of course, mean that the aristocracy would form an especially privileged and powerful caste, holding the balance of power both in the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Such a claim is preposterous, impudent, laughable.

THE TORIES AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

The curious part of the whole business is that this crusade of the eldest sons has been even more displeasing to the Tories than to the Radicals. Mr. Balfour strongly supported Sir William Harcourt's views that the whole movement was impossible. Lord Selborne had become a peer at his father's death, and the status of a peer of the realm as a Lord of Parliament was to be in no way disturbed. That this view is strongly—nay, enthusiastically—shared by the Tories is beyond all doubt. Their opinions were strikingly shown in a speech of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, which was directed pointedly, and almost avowedly, at the head of Mr. Chamberlain. For some reason or other, Mr. Chamberlain has associated himself with this crusade of the eldest sons. In doing so, he has, with his usual thoroughness, completely wiped out the Chamberlain of last year, who said, in the case of Lord Coleridge, absolutely the opposite of what the Chamberlain of this year has been saying about Lord Selborne. In this course he has gone against the deep-down prejudices of his allies. It was something to hear the Tories cheering, might and main, Mr. Labouchere, nearly all of whose exquisitely funny speech was aimed point-blank at Mr. Chamberlain. The old country Tories laughed themselves hoarse, and there was a note of bitterly contemptuous anger in Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's deliverance, which speaks volumes for the real feeling of the Tories towards their august ally. As for Mr. Chamberlain's personal position, it has been cruelly shaken within the last few days. Sir William Harcourt trounced him in a most masterly way, and, attacked on all sides and defended on none, he grew greyer and sourer as he saw how small was his hold on the House in a matter in which party fortunes are not directly concerned. But Mr. Chamberlain has been going all to pieces of late. In the Committee on the Factory Bill he unsaid, on the question of woman's labour, everything that he had said twenty years ago on precisely the same point, and was completely routed by Mr. Burns in a speech of great power and sarcastic energy. What the future of this strange man will be I really do not know. There is a certain self-confidence and power of personality in him which, I suppose, will always carry him through; but he is certainly wading in very deep waters, and any moment he may have to swim for his life.

Two little books of verse have come to hand. One, "The Poet's Crown," is by Miss Kathleen Haydn Green (who, by the way, is a daughter of Mr. Alderman Green and a grand-daughter of Haydn, the compiler of "The Dictionary of Dates"), and is printed for private circulation only. The other is quaintly titled—

"Poems of ye Citie,
With manie another dittie,
And Prose by ye same writer
To suit ye young reciter."

It is by a gentleman who announces himself as "A Citie Barde," and who modestly adds this tentative tag on his cover and title-page—

Should ye Publick swallowe,
More of this myght followe.

Miss Green's verses are very pleasant, despite a certain feminine weakness in construction (one cannot resist the handy gibe) and occasional lapses in rhyming. Miss Green's best things are "A Song of Wind and Woodland" and "In the Stocks," this latter a jolly rhyme that should have a vogue among romantic folks if set to sprightly music. "A Citie Barde" acknowledges his indebtedness in spirit and style to George Herbert: the spelling, though antique, is decidedly his own. The best thing in his booklet is "Pynnes and Bandes," the fatalistic creed of a modern though somewhat minor Ecclesiastes.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The event of the week has undoubtedly been Lord Selborne's claim to sit in the House of Commons without resigning his seat for West Edinburgh, as long as he did not apply for a writ of summons to the House of Lords. The claim has been interesting more as a personal than as a constitutional question. Mr. Courtney, with the deadly lack of humour which distinguishes him almost as much as his buff waistcoat, has taken it seriously, but very few other people can. Common sense was, surely, expressed by Mr. Balfour, when he said frankly that Lord Selborne's action was an insult to the dignity of both Houses, and by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, when he called it a farce. Whether or not there are grounds for contesting, on a technical quibble, a position which has been accepted by all of us as a matter of course, there can be little doubt of the opinion which most Conservatives have formed of Lord Selborne's action. Of course, it offered an opportunity for discussing one of those personal questions which the House of Commons delights in, and it wasted a couple of days of Parliamentary business in "play" of a more congenial character to the Opposition (and to the Ministerialists too) than the debating of Welsh Disestablishment. But, from the point of view of a party which is pointing to the House of Lords as a body which does its work to the satisfaction of the country, the whole thing has been curiously untimely. It is not merely that it must be an unpopular thing for a peer's eldest son to claim an additional privilege, and to pretend that the House of Lords, which other people would be only too glad to be born into, is not good enough for him; but the refusal to accept the conditions of inheritance, in a case like this, is simply an attack, whether Lord Selborne knows it or not, upon the hereditary principle itself.

THE REVOLTING PEERS' SONS.

Who are the leading spirits in this curious campaign? They are Lord Selborne, who, till lately, was Lord Wolmer; the Hon. G. N. Curzon, eldest son of Viscount Scarsdale; and the Hon. W. St. John Brodrick, eldest son of Viscount Midleton. Last session these three gentlemen introduced a Peers' Sons Disabilities Removal Bill, or something of that sort, by which they wished to escape, as members of the House of Commons, from having to vacate their seats when their fathers died. They told their woes to the monthly magazines also. But now Lord Wolmer, being the first of the three to suffer in practice what he had grumbled about in theory, tries to achieve by a quibble what he had been unable to obtain an opportunity for making the law of the land by an Act of Parliament. It all shows a strange blindness to facts, in my humble opinion. Lord Selborne, Mr. Curzon, and Mr. Brodrick seem to forget that one reason why they got seats in the House of Commons was because they were known to be heirs to peerages; and, as such, the country and the Party were anxious to set them up with a good political training. But they do not seem to have reflected that it was because they were always intended to recruit the House of Lords that they have had so many exceptional chances. What would any one of them have been if he had not been the eldest son of a peer? It so happens that two of them were brilliant as young men. Lord Wolmer took a first-class in Modern History at Oxford, and Mr. Curzon was a Fellow of All Souls'. But first-classes and fellowships do not, in other people's cases, lead directly to a political career. Would Lord Wolmer have married Lord Salisbury's daughter if he had been simply the brilliant young Mr. Jones from Oxford? If his father had not been Lord Chancellor, he would hardly have been the Lord Chancellor's private secretary, nor would he have acted in a similar capacity to Mr. Childers at the War Office and the Treasury; and there would certainly not have been so much anxiety to find him seats in Parliament for the Petersfield division of Hampshire and for West Edinburgh. The new Lord Selborne is thirty-six, and he has done very well for himself. Most people would think his best chance of rising further would be in the House of Lords.

THE POSITION OF A PEER.

Then there is Mr. George Nathaniel Curzon, also thirty-six years of age, and recently married to an American heiress. It is usually supposed that a title is a very good claim to an American heiress, and it may be doubted whether Mrs. Curzon would object to her husband being in the House of Lords. But, if Mr. Curzon had not been the son of his father, would he have had the chance of becoming a cosmopolitan tourist and acquiring all the information about foreign affairs which is one of his special prerogatives? Would he have been Lord Salisbury's private secretary? Would he have been Under-Secretary for India? Mr. St. John Brodrick, too, who is three years older than the other members of the triumvirate, and has been Financial Secretary to the War Office—what would he have been if he had not been a peer's son and married a peer's daughter? If some of these questions would, in other circumstances, be impertinences, they are made very pertinent when these gentlemen ask to be allowed to compete with commoners not only by the aid of their own privileges, but with the commoners' privileges as well. For it must be remembered that someone else is waiting to get into the House of Commons for the seats which these eldest sons of peers will vacate. No; it is no disgrace to be a peer, it is no diminution of dignity, it is no loss of opportunity for statesmanship and hard work; on the contrary, it is a very fine position, and a man who is born to it is expected in this country to take his good fortune and be thankful. When the British nobility declines its responsibilities, it will not only lose the esteem and pride of the country, but it will also lose the respect of the Conservative Party.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, May 18, 1895.

It would be affectation for anyone to write, or pretend to write, to you on Stock Exchange matters this week without at once calling your attention to the cause of all the trouble with which not only the public, but also members of the House have had to deal.

Last week we told you something of the difficulties experienced in carrying over mining shares, and advised you to leave the markets alone until you saw what was about to happen. And the soundness of the advice has been fully justified, for, before the letter reached you, many of the principal jobbers had, in various ways, intimated that, on the next occasion, they either intended to reduce the volume of their business or refuse to carry over at all, with the result that there has been a semi-panic, which, beginning in the Kaffir Circus, had, by Thursday, spread to most other speculative departments.

In some ways these rude shakes-out are good for strong holders, and give the big houses a chance of getting in again; but each time the experiment is repeated, the fingers of the speculative public are severely burned, and there is an old and true adage about the burnt child dreading the fire, so that it becomes more and more difficult, having once or twice given people a nasty squeeze, to induce them to try their luck again. If the big houses thought the pace too hot to last—with which we agree—it would have been very easy to withdraw their money by degrees, and in that case very little inconvenience would have been felt; but, then, dear Sir, you can't get rich quick enough that way, and people are in such a hurry just now.

In a weekly letter it is quite impossible to give you "the straight tip" in these exciting times; but we can, at least, sum up the situation by saying that we do not think the end of the boom has been reached yet, and that, if you want to make money, you should watch the course of events very carefully, and not be afraid to buy the moment the tide turns. In the case of all stocks which have real merits, apart from their value as gambling counters, we should rather hold on than cut a loss—always assuming, of course, that at the worst we could pay for what we had bought. These are not the times to have a "bull" account open which cannot be turned into an investment one at a pinch.

Last week we drew attention to the report of a very old-established English Insurance Company, and pointed out how low the expenses had been kept, and this week we have before us the report and accounts of the Colonial Mutual Society, which is, we believe, the only Australian company doing business in this country. In some ways, especially in the average interest earned on invested funds, the figures are, if true, very satisfactory; but when we find the new premiums amounting to £25,000 only, and the single item of "rents and salaries" exceeding this amount, while, with the total premium income about £300,000, the expenses are over £77,000, or 25 per cent., we can understand that in this country, at least, the company is not likely to cause serious danger to the native offices.

We hear a company with a reasonable capital is about to be formed to introduce the Parfitt system of electric lighting, and to make electricity available for thinly populated districts. The system has worked for some time at Kingswood and Keynsham with great success, and if the requisite capital is found, there seems every prospect of a good return to the shareholders as well as a great convenience to the public being successfully combined.

The later days of the week have seen a recovery not only in Home Rails, but in Yankees, and a better tone in foreign stock, especially Italians, which have been favourably influenced by Baron Sonnino's favourable statement of the financial position of the country.

The Home Railway traffics have again appeared disappointing; but people forget that they compare with the week before Whitsuntide of last year, and that the effect of the poor half-year, which everybody recognises is in store for most lines, has been pretty fully discounted. The effect of the legal decision as to the Chatham fares is likely to be very little, so far as net receipts go, and was merely taken advantage of to put prices down in the middle of the week; while a great deal of the selling in both Home Rails and Americans which went on can be traced to provincial losses caused by rash speculation in the Kaffir Circus, or the necessity of providing funds to take up stock in the mining market at the approaching settlement.

Circumstantial stories are told of the Vanderbilts heading a syndicate which has acquired a controlling influence over the Reading road; and altogether, with the undoubted signs of improved trade in the States, we consider the outlook very promising.

The market has been exceptionally strong for the cheaper Argentine Railway debentures, and the payment of £100,000 by the Government on account of the railway guarantees has helped matters considerably. The favourites have been Argentine Great Western second debentures, which have advanced six points. We expect Cordoba Central (Northern Section) 4 per cent., and Cordoba and Rosario 5 per cent. debentures will steadily improve, while Bahia Blanca preference shares are as good a look-up as a reasonable man could wish for.

Some fortnight ago we called your attention to the prospectus of the Normal Powder Syndicate, and the secretary is very anxious we should tell you that the base is not "nitro-glycerine," but "gun-cotton." We apologise for the mistake, the importance of which chemists will appreciate.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE INTERNATIONAL TEA COMPANY'S STORES, LIMITED, is inviting subscriptions for 60,000 £5 six per cent. preference shares. The concern is formed to carry on the business of Messrs. Kearley and Tonge, and to extend the same. The shares seem a good investment if auditors' certificates go for anything; and, as they have no debentures in front of them, we have no hesitation in saying that, as industrial investments go, they present a favourable opportunity of obtaining reasonable interest for money. A valuation of the assets taken over would have made the prospectus a more satisfactory document.

THE NORTH CHARTERLAND EXPLORATION COMPANY, LIMITED, is the joint production of the Mozambique Gold Land and Concessions, the Oceana, and the British South Africa Companies, and we suppose each of them is making a good profit. The public are let into these things on very poor terms, and as long as there are people silly enough to provide all the working capital for one-tenth of the profits, we do not wonder at it. For the right to prospect over and trade in a distant piece of Africa—which of right belongs to some black men—£700,000, or rather, seven-tenths of the profits, is to be paid to a lot of adventurers. Surely we live in strange times! What wonder that the African gang are getting fat, and, although generally blackballed for respectable clubs, can afford houses in Park Lane!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

UNRAVEL.—We strongly urge you not to touch the debenture bonds you name.

A. J. F.—The policy begins to run on Wednesday, and expires on the Tuesday evening following.

JERSEY.—(1) Yes, hold. We have no belief in the merits of the mine, but we know that great efforts are being made to push the price up. Sell at a small profit. (2) A good gamble. (3) Don't touch the thing. (4) A good property, the life of which is probably short. We fancy we explained this to you some months ago. The paper you name is the touting circular of a firm of outside brokers.

L. M. W. (Queensland).—(1 and 2) The ordinary stock got 3½ per cent. last year, and the preference dividend is always paid. The railway is a good investment, on which you may sleep in peace. The price of the ordinary is about 95, and the pref. well over par. You don't mention which of the pref. stocks you hold. (3) Guaranteed by the North British Company. A first-rate investment and worth about £150 per £100 stock, but with a limited market. We agree with your view of the Bank, and advise you to hold your deposit receipts. Thanks for your compliments.

F. S. G.—We think the shares are of no value. Any broker will try to sell them for you, but we do not expect he will succeed. Write to the City Editor of *To-Day*, who knows all about the company.

CRAG.—We recommended the shares because we knew that our readers could make a profit. If you had sold at once, you could have made 3s. 9d., and can now get out at par. The board is a good one, and we have no doubt that a reasonable dividend will be earned. As to Thistle Reefs, if you had read what we said you would have seen we gave them as a market tip, not on merits. The price was then 4s. and rose to 5s. 9d. The mining market has long passed the stage at which merits have anything to do with prices! African Coal shares are a good gamble.

NEOPHYTE.—(1) You can sell the coupons to any foreign banker for cash (price depending on the exchange), or to any mercantile house doing business with Mexico, or the London Bank of Mexico would collect the money for you. (2) Any member of the Stock Exchange who acts as a broker. (3) No. (4) City of Mexico 5 per cent. have a free market, and are very good. (5) Both reasons mentioned by you have combined to put prices up. We cannot say if the rise will go further, but, on merits, the bonds are still not too dear.

T. G.—(1) Yes, secured on 45 per cent. of the Custom receipts. (2) Very good for a high-paying investment, but the rise has been so rapid that it may not go much further. City of Brussels are about the best lottery bonds. Why not buy a few Johannesburg Waterworks shares, some Argentine Great Western first debentures, and some City of Mexico 5 per cent. bonds?

INVESTOR.—(1) A fair gamble. (2) We have no information. (3 and 4) We have a bad opinion of both, and advise you to avoid the whole gang.

J. R. M.—We assume you hold shares in all the following, and we answer on that assumption. (1 and 2) Hold. (3) We don't like it, but, as things are looking up in the United States, you had better hold on. (4) We have no information. (5, 6, and 7) Get rid of these if you can. (8) Sell. (9) We have no information. (10) Hold for an improvement. (11) We know very little of the affair, but the last balance-sheet was not inviting. Consult a Glasgow broker. (12) We have no information. (13) We should hold, as things seem to be improving in the States, but we think very badly of the company.

CIV. SERV.—On merits, we think well of all three mines you name, but what may happen as to the immediate course of prices we do not know. If the shares were our own and paid for, we should hold for a fresh rise. We do not think the boom is over.

J. C. N.—Get a little book called "How to Select a Life Office," by G. M. Dent. See, also, last week's "Notes from the Exchange." We think well of Home and Colonial Stores preference shares, but distribute your money between that concern and Peek Brothers and Winch preference.

CAUTIONS.—We should think it very foolish to deal with any outside bucket-shop which runs stock against you, but the firm you name pay when they lose. The contract is legal enough, but is not a broker's note. The firm deal with you as principals, and we advise you to do no business except upon 10 or 20 per cent. cover. The more they offer to deal on small cover, the more certain are you to be "done."

A. D.—A first-rate office. We think it is invidious to recommend any particular company, and, after all, you could hardly do better.

D. K. V.—You have missed your market. We sold shares at 3s. 9d. premium for several clients after allotment. As an investment for a year or so, we think well of them; but, if you can't afford to wait some considerable time, sell now.

J. S. C. B.—If you send your money so far afield, you will be very foolish. Remember Jarvis-Conklin and a dozen other American Mortgage Companies. When you have got the Californian fruit farm, you won't know what to do with it, and the whole thing reads like a very bad attempt to sell land at twice the market price to silly people, who will believe anything they are told.